THE

METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY 1833.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We certainly shall not put the beautiful verses, entitled "A storm among the Appenines," into the fire, and we are sorry that, from their irregularity, we cannot put them into our Magazine.

A communication lies at our Publishers for the Author of "The Life and Opinions of Mr. Owen."

We have now such an accumulation of papers, which, from many reasons, although they possess much merit, we cannot insert, that it is our intention to publish a list next month, and request they may be taken away; if not within three weeks after this notice, we shall be under the painful necessity of destroying them. We also take the liberty to suggest to some of our correspondents, that a more legible hand would be advisable; for although the printers devils are obliged to make out whatever we send to them, we ourselves have not sufficient time to decipher such evidences of genius.

We particularly request no more Polish Laments.—Every thing has its day.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

THE NEW YEAR.

SEE! on the threshold of the awful porch
That leads to dread eternity, is now
The new born Year! On high, War's blood-red torch
But newly kindled, on his infant brow
Throws the fierce glare; nor will his frown allow
Of festal mirth, or blythe old Christmas cheer.
Threat'ning revolt, the fetter'd nations bow
To rise in wrath, and forge the secret spear
To baptize thee with blood, O thou ill-omen'd Year!

Father of Life and Death! Chastiser just!
Humbled we hail thee! O'er our startled land
That, trembling, heaves with discord and distrust,
Spread the bland smile of Peace. From thy right hand
Pour not the vial of wrath! May England stand
Calm in her might! "Still to herself be true,"
And scorn alike the *home* and *foreign* band
That seek with gore her banners to imbue
That now should wave in peace, all earth's wide regions through!

What! though the Lusian sees domestic strife
Deluge his fields with paricidal gore?
What! though the crescent wanes, and rebel strife
Reddens the sands upon th' Egyptian shore?
Or vaunting Belgian craves one fortress more?

Must England waste her blood? Ye rulers! shame!
The sword was not unsheath'd when midst the roar
Of wild barbaric war, the spoiler came,
And, from the scroll of nations, blotted Poland's name!

The fragments of her household gods were drench'd
In her best blood;—and England's faulchion slept!
Was it for once with fear the fear'd one blench'd?
She might have smote—and lo! she only wept
As, smeared with blood, the feral Tartar stept
Through conquer'd palaces with savage glee;
Which fiercely won, as foully he has kept.
England! my country! when again to thee
Will noble spirits turn, that struggle to be free?

Home! home! that fane of Bliss! for if Bliss be
An earth-born guest, does she not nestle there?
To win her back, ye factions all agree!
Make home your first, your most religious care;
From our own thousands scare the fiend Despair.
—If despots rage, forgetting they are dust,
Not long th' oppressor's chain th' oppress'd shall wear:
Bid them no more in English arms to trust—
There is a holier aid—is not th' Omniscient just?

Jan. 1, 1833.

EVIDENCE BEFORE THE SILK COMMITTEE.[1]

We resume our subject with pleasure; for, laborious as it is, we have had no small recompence in the acknowledgments of those whose interests we have espoused: and in the hope beaming in the countenances of the poor but intelligent operatives, who feel, that now that their distress has been made known to their fellow subjects, their cause will, in all probability, in a reformed House of Commons, meet with that deliberation, and that support, which are to be expected from a generous and sympathizing people.

We have now to combat the arguments of those political theorists, who, in their optimism, have declared that want of employment is the foundation of all prosperity, and that starvation is "the best of all possible things in the world." We will, at once, attack them in their strong holds; for, although they twist and turn, and heap absurdity upon absurdity, until even Folly herself might be satisfied with the hecatomb offered at her shrine, and reward her devoted priests with caps and bells, yet, still they have one specious argument, clothed in which, they declare themselves invulnerable. This vaunted armour of defence is simply composed of the following materials. That the quantity of pounds of raw and thrown silk imported into the country, is greater now, than during the time of the prohibition—*ergo*, the silk trade must be in a more flourishing state, and, as for distress and starvation, if they do exist, they have been produced by other circumstances wholly irrelevant to the point at issue. In short, say they, if we can prove to you theoretically that your trade is flourishing, all your practical evidence of having no employment, nothing to eat, and no beds to sleep on, is at once confuted; or, to reduce it to fewer words, as long as we have *paper* evidence of your prosperity, you may starve and be d——d.

This is the Io triumphans of Mr. Poulett Thomson. When he arrives at this part of his oration, his arm is raised aloft, and the fist of one hand descends upon the palm of the other, with an energy that would be much more fatal to one of his opponents, if his head happened to be too near, than would all his arguments. "Who can deny or gainsay this?" he exclaims in his exultation. We very modestly reply, "that we do;" and follow up our assertion, by insisting that the shallowness of the argument is a fair criterion of the depth of intellect apportioned to the whole school of modern optimists.

We do not deny that, *prima facie*, it appears to be a puzzling, if not a convincing reply, and we are not surprised, that when brought forward in the House of Commons, it has satisfied the scruples of those who have but an abstract knowledge of the question. It will, however, require but a little patience and attention to what we shall now bring forward, to prove to our readers, that upon subjects of legislation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

[1] Continued from p. 368, vol. v.

We will first lay before them a table, showing the importation of Italian, Turkey, Bengal, and China silks, from the years 1823 to the close of 1831, reminding them that the years 1824 and 1825 were the two preparatory years allowed by government to the silk manufacturers, in which the duties on raw and thrown silk were reduced, but the prohibition of French manufactures was still in force.

TABLE I.

Total Importation of Silk of all descriptions into Great Britain from the year 1822 to 1831.

Years.	lbs.	Years.	lbs.	Years.	lbs.
1823	2,415,759	1826	2,253,513	1829	2,892,201
1824	3,867,791	1827	4,213,059	1830	4,208,449
1825	3,408,148	1828	4,547,680	1831	3,550,172

Now this table is apparently in favour of the arguments of the political economists, as it is evident, that in the year 1823 we had imported only to the amount of 2,415,759 lbs, whilst in the year of 1831 we had increased our imports to 3,550,172, giving an excess in the latter year, of 1,134,413 lbs. We will now analyse this table, and examine its component parts.

TABLE II.

Importation of Italian, Turkey, Bengal, and China Silk, from the year 1823 to the year 1831.

Years.	Italian.			Turkey.	Bengal and China.	Turkey, Bengal, and China, added together.	Difference in favour of Turkey, &c. over Italian.*
	Raw.	Thrown.	Total.	Raw.	Raw.		
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
1823	645,788	363,864	1,009,652	195,855	1,210,252	1,406,107	396,455
1824	1,550,120	463,271	2,003,391	376,869	1,487,531	1,864,400	142,991*
1825	1,301,155	559,642	1,860,797	324,845	1,222,506	1,547,351	313,446*
1826	547,419	289,325	836,744	231,729	1,185,040	1,416,769	580,025
1827	1,586,891	453,921	2,040,812	344,671	1,827,576	2,172,247	131,435
1828	2,049,335	385,130	2,434,465	583,197	1,530,018	2,113,215	321,250*
1829	1,070,737	172,239	1,242,976	294,603	1,354,622	1,649,225	406,249
1830	1,232,623	436,532	1,669,155	491,700	2,047,594	2,539,294	870,139
1831	1,022,395	514,240	1,536,635	395,724	1,617,713	2,013,437	476,802

* Difference in favour of Italian marked with *.

TABLE III.

Total Silk imported and taken into home consumption, in the years 1824 and 1825, the duties having been taken off Raw Silk, and Foreign Silk Goods being still prohibited, viz.—

	lbs.
In the year 1824	3,867,791
1825	3,408,148
	7,275,939
The annual average of Silk consumed	3,637,969

TABLE IV.

	lbs.
Total Silk taken into consumption during the last six years, in which time Foreign Silk Goods have been admitted to home consumption	21,665,255
The annual average of Silk consumed	3,610,876
Annual average decrease	32,093

TABLE V.

Italian, Raw and Thrown, taken into consumption in 1824 and 1825	3,874,188
The annual average consumed	1,937,094
Total Italian, Raw and Thrown, taken into consumption during the last six years	9,760,893
The annual average consumed	1,626,815
Annual average decrease	310,279

TABLE VI.

Bengal, China, and Turkey Silk, imported and taken into home consumption.

In the year 1824	1,864,400
1825	1,547,351
	3,411,751
The annual average consumed	1,705,875
Total Bengal, China, and Turkey Silk, taken into consumption during the last six years	11,903,463
The annual average consumed	1,983,910
Annual average increase	278,035

We particularly request our readers to pay minute attention to the above tables, upon which we are about to found our arguments—arguments of no small consequence, when it is considered that the happiness of thousands may perhaps depend upon the public being convinced that we are correct. When we reflect, how many starving operatives may eventually be restored to comfort, if we can prove the fallacy of the doctrines of our opponents, we apply to our task with renewed vigour, and, if successful, we will hallow the pen which pleads in their behalf.

We must now enter into an explanation of the error into which these gentlemen have fallen, which is simply this. They calculate the prosperity and the profits of the silk manufacturer from the *quantity of pounds of silk* manufactured, whereas, we will soon establish that profits can only be calculated by the *number of yards of thread* which are manufactured, and even in the latter calculation, we only arrive at an approximation unfavourable to our own argument, as we have also to bear in mind, that the more you advance to the higher branches of manufacture, the less is the value of the raw material, and the greater the profit on the labour.

In our former paper on this important subject, we pointed out to our readers the means by which were calculated the fineness or coarseness of the various silks employed in the looms of this country. The finer Italian silk averaged from eighteen to thirty deniers, Bengal and China thirty-five to eighty, and Turkey sixty to one hundred. We will assume an average; Italian twenty-four, Bengal and China fifty-seven and a half, and Turkey eighty. Now, there are two important facts to be brought forward. The first, that the fine Italian silk is used for all those branches of manufacture in which the value of the raw material bears but a small proportion to the value of the labour employed upon it. The second, that in proportion to its fineness, the *pound* of silk not only gives more profit per yard, but also more employment.

A pound of fine Italian silk will work up into more yards of manufacture, paying for each yard nearly double the price obtained for the yard of coarser material. This refers to plain silks only; when we come to the higher branches of figure and fancy silks, the profit to the artisan is greater in proportion. The coarse silk, on the contrary, will work up into fewer yards, these yards paying to the artisan but half the profit of the fine. It is true, that heavy silks are occasionally manufactured from the fine silk, but when that is the case, it makes no difference to the artisan. A common piece of satin may require fifty strokes of the shuttle to the inch, whereas, a very rich piece will require one hundred; but the artisan is paid in proportion, which fully establishes our assertion, that it is from the number of yards of silk thread used that the only fair estimation of the profit of the manufacturer can be obtained; and, that to calculate by the weight in pounds of the silk used, is one of the most stupid blunders that can be committed.

It appears, therefore, that the weaver is paid by the yard, and, that the finer the thread, the greater the profit. A work of coarse silk, with threads not very close, is paid for at a much lower price, (although the weight of silk used is much greater,) than in a fabric, in a yard of which perchance he may put a similar quantity of silk, but which is composed of a greater number of threads. Now the same principle holds good in the throwing of silk, a branch of the manufacture already discussed. A throwing mill, equal to the throwing of one thousand pounds of Bengal or China silk, could, with the same number of hands, and the same amount of wages, only throw off five hundred pounds of the fine Italian silk; showing, that a pound of Italian silk gives double the employment to the throwing trade, to that afforded by the coarser silks from China and Bengal. We must now revert to the analysis we have made of the table, which shows the total importation, and it will there be perceived, that, although the increase of the total importation has within these last nine years amounted to 1,134,413 lbs., yet, that the increase has been in the coarse silks from Bengal, China, and Turkey.

Table III. will prove, that during the two years that the duties were reduced on the raw material, and the prohibition of French silks was in force, that the silk trade was extremely prosperous.

Table IV. that since the prohibition of French silks has been re-

moved, the English manufacture has declined at an average of 72,093 lbs. per annum.

Table V. will show that the average *decrease* of the Italian fine silk used in our manufacture has been 310,279 lbs. per annum.

And Table VI. will prove that the average *increase* of the coarser qualities from Bengal, China, and Turkey, has been 278,035 lbs. per annum.

Now, allowing a pound of Italian silk in plain work to give a profit to the artisan of four to one over the pound of coarse silk, it would require four times the quantity, that is, an annual importation and working up of 1,241,116 lbs. of the Bengal and China silks to compensate for the loss of the 310,279 lbs. of the Italian produce.

But this is not all our argument. We have before observed, that the figured and fancy silks are wholly wrought in the Italian silk, and this, the most profitable of all the silk manufactures, we have lost altogether. Neither must it be supposed that the quantity of Italian silk now consumed is profitably consumed, a large proportion of it being required to mix up with the coarser silks, without which the latter cannot, in many branches of the silk manufacture, be employed at all. The fact is, we have lost all the profitable portion of the silk trade, which has been thrown into the hands of the French, leaving for our own manufacturers a coarse, unprofitable trade, rendered still more so, by their mutual competition, every man striving for himself, regardless of his neighbour, amidst the general ruin and desolation. We shall now corroborate the above remarks by the evidence brought before the silk committee.

JOHN BALLANCE, ESQ.

"8388.—Has there been any change in the description of silk goods manufactured in Spitalfields, at the present time, as compared with the time prior to 1826?—The staple manufacture of Spitalfields, before the opening of the ports, consisted of plain silks and fancy and figured silks, chiefly of fine and rich fabrics.

"8389.—Does that description apply to plain as well as the figured and fancy, were they generally rich fabrics?—Chiefly.

"8390.—Have any of those been discontinued?—Yes, especially the richer silks, and almost entirely the fancy and figured branch of the silk trade.

"8619.—Can you inform the Committee whether the greater proportion of them were manufacturers of common gros de Naples or not?—Since the rich trade peculiar to Spitalfields has been surrendered by necessity into the hands of the foreigner, the great bulk of goods manufactured in Spitalfields have been of a low quality; the loss on those goods arising out of the competition in them, I think, has occasioned in great part the failure of those persons."

BARRETT WADDEN, ESQ.

"10046.—Do you know what state the rich figured and fancy trade of Spitalfields is now in?—As to the rich figured and fancy trade of Spitalfields, I consider it is almost extinct; there are some rich figured silks making in Spitalfields, but the amount of labour employed in those productions is not as one loom to every thousand. If I say that there are fifteen thousand looms employed in Spitalfields, I am about exhibiting productions upon which there are not fifteen employed. [*The Witness produced three or four splendid specimens of the production of Spitalfields.*] These are works woven in Spitalfields, by our oldest manufacturer, Mr. Harn; I am just told his house is about one hundred and fifty years established; and so high is the character of the man, that if he were here, and the question was asked him, 'How many looms have you at work on those goods?' he would immediately answer it.

" 10047.—Do you say not more than fifteen looms are at work upon this particular work?—I should think not; and I doubt very much if there are half that number at work at Manchester on those particular goods.

" 10053.—Were there many figured and fancy silks made in Spitalfields before the opening of the ports?—I have every reason to believe that there were, for I am personally acquainted with three houses that, prior to the opening of the ports, had between them nine hundred looms at work on figured goods, and those three houses now have not between them eighty looms. The falling off in our fancy and figure trade in Spitalfields is prodigious; and while it is so, I deeply regret to find that the foreign manufacturer has taken it from us.

" 10146.—Can you afford the Committee any evidence why an increased quantity of silk, speaking of its weight, is not always an increased quantity of employment afforded to the operative?—I exhibit two canes, as our weavers call them; I call them warps; each warp is the same length, 100 yards. This warp contains 6,600 threads of silk; and it weighs 3 lbs. 2 oz. 8 drs.; the price for weaving it is seven-pence. This warp is 100 yards long; it contains 4,400 threads; it weighs 4 lbs. 8 oz. 8 drs.; the price for weaving it is seven-pence; so that while the man is weaving this, his employment is not increased, nor the value of his labour increased one farthing, although he is working up nearly as much more silk.

" 10147.—Has his employment within the last three or four years been universally of the heavier silks?—The great bulk of the employment of the people in Spitalfields and at Manchester is on those coarse silks which are no index of increased employment, but are an index of increased work to the labourer, giving him a material that is very inferior to this."

J. BROCKLEHURST, JUN. ESQ.

" 11338.—But there has been a great decline, both in the style of goods and the quantity of the work, which may be seen by the great diminution in the quantities of fine silks worked up subsequently to that period; for, in 1824 and 1825, we worked up, of fine, raw, and thrown Italian silk, 3,874,188 lbs., the annual average of those two years being 1,937,094 lbs. taken into home consumption; and for the last six years, that is, since the change of system, the raw and thrown Italian silk altogether taken into consumption amounts to 9,760,896 lbs., the annual average consumption being 1,626,816 lbs.; showing a decreased consumption of fine silk, on the average for the last six years, of 310,278 lbs. a year. By this it is evident that the silk trade are justified in the complaints they have made, and it is equally evident that the whole character of the silk trade of this country is changed, from fine goods giving great employment to the mills, and to the weavers, to a coarse description of goods giving less employment to the mills and to the weavers, and withal the consumption of material only equalled the consumption of preceding years, when we were working on fine goods and with fine silk.

" 11353.—The quality of the goods, generally speaking, which have been manufactured since have been rather of an inferior character than otherwise, as compared with what they were before; there has been a larger proportion of coarser and heavier articles, and of course they consume more silk?—They do, and the goods have been of a lower and inferior character.

" 11354.—Even making allowance for this, has there been a proportionate increase even in the quantity of silk used, as compared with what it was the eight or nine years before?—The annual average for the last six years does not surpass the average of the two years preceding the change.

" 11355.—So that there has not been a progressive increase?—The silk trade of England has stood still, while the silk trade of the Continent has made an advance in some instances of sixty and seventy per cent.

" 11356.—If the consumption of silk has been in coarser and heavier silks, must not the quantity of employment for the operatives have been diminished since 1825? —The increase has taken place in the strength of the goods, and not in the length or breadth, it has been more silk and less wages; I can show to the Committee the difference when we make it heavier and lighter. When silk is low, we put in double the quantity; one piece of these goods [*producing a piece of silk goods*] is made of the same length and breadth, and has only consumed eight ounces of silk; the other piece I present to the Committee takes twenty-four ounces to make the same length and breadth, and as silk becomes cheaper we put more of the materials into the goods, which explains to the Committee the increased consumption of Bengal silk, while our general manufacture has been sinking in regard to Italian silk.

"11357.—Does it not resolve itself into this, that if over a certain space you consume a greater quantity of silk, and that the total quantity of silk so consumed is not more than it was in the year 1824 or 1825, the quantity of employment to the operative must be diminished?—The quantity of employment to the operative is, to a very great extent, diminished. I will, on my next examination, produce a Table which will show the increased quantity of silk worked up for a diminished amount of wages; but before I leave this question entirely, I wish to call the attention of the Committee to this; the fine raw Italian silk used in the years 1824 and 1825 amounted to 2,851,275 lbs., and for the last two years, 1830 and 1831, the quantity of fine Italian raw silk amounted to only 2,255,018 lbs., showing a decrease in the finer branch of Italian consumed in this country of twenty-five per cent.; and I may here add, at the same period, that whilst a decrease has been taking place in England, France has increased her looms at Lyons from 25,000 in 1825 or 1826 to 35,000 in 1832, and the rest of the silk trade of France has increased in the same proportion."

JOHN WRIGHT.

"11761.—How is it you complain of want of employment, when it is stated that a larger quantity of raw silk has been imported latterly?—I stated yesterday that a complete revolution had taken place in the silk trade, a change from light to heavy, from fine to round silks. From my own observation I find, that, although there may be an increase of raw material to this country since the alteration to some small amount, yet the labour on that is considerably less than we derived from the fine silks; I observe, that according to the present circumstances we are pursuing in the silk trade, one machine will do as much as two formerly did, which were employed in the throwing of fine silks. We have been told frequently that we lose nothing, because we have the export trade; but as the present system only gives about half employ to the hands employed in throwing silk, I think it is quite clear there is no room for boasting concerning the large quantity of raw silk imported into this country since the alteration; the change of system has been to us like changing a hen for an owl; there is a great deal of boasting that the export trade has been a beneficial thing to us; that is my simple idea of it.

"11762.—Has the throwster any right to protection?—Yes, my Lord, for various reasons: first, the silk throwster erected his mills on the faith of government, the protection afforded to the silk throwing trade of the country in its infancy and afterwards; secondly, the amazing outlay of capital entitles him to protection, there being, according to the estimate taken in 1826, no less a sum than two millions of outlay in building and machinery.

"11771.—Since that period has there been any change?—There has been a very great change; we have been obliged to throw all sorts of inferior silks, coarse round silks of Bengal and China and Persia, giving less employ, less wages, and less profits.

"11775.—Has he very much ceased to throw the Italian raw silks?—Scarcely a bale comes; the little fellows dance for joy when they see an Italian bale come in; the employer seems to be overjoyed when he sees Italian silks come into his warehouse."

JOHN MIDDLEHURST.

"11784.—Do you consider the distress of the silk trade to have been occasioned by the operation of these laws?—I do; for, in the first place, it has destroyed the finer fabric of manufacture, and thereby diminished the demand for the finer qualities of thrown silk; in the second place, the rate of duty on foreign thrown silk is so low, that it gives the Italian throwster, coupled with the advantage of a first pick of silk, the exclusive command of the British market.

AMBROSE MOORE, ESQ.

"11103.—Can you show that there is any connexion between the existing distress and the change of system which took place at the period adverted to, 1826?—Yes, I apprehend that it is solely to be traced to the change of system; the great quantity of foreign manufactured silk goods which now come into this country causes a great want of employment amongst all classes of people in the silk trade, and the effect of that change of system has been to turn the manufacture of England more upon the coarser and lower description of goods, which afford less employment, and to take them from the finer, more difficult, and more complicated works; and to these must

be added, the enormous increase in the smuggling of foreign silks, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, is an undoubted fact.

"11222.—What is your opinion now of the further reduction which took place in 1829?—I have already stated it generally. It has been very injurious to every branch of the silk trade; and I consider it was a very unnecessary measure; it has been quite ruinous to the throwster, and I think it has retarded the general prosperity of the trade; I consider it has thrown back the trade at least twenty years or more in the course of improvement. It has increased the importation of thrown silks, and has diminished the importation of Italian raw silks. It was always likely that the reduction of duty from 5*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* should produce that effect, and if the duty were reduced still lower, that effect would be still more apparent; so that we should import all thrown silk and no raw silk from Italy: and as to its effects on the manufacturing department of the trade, it has discouraged the making of the better class of goods, and obliged the manufacturer to turn his attention to the lower and coarser description of goods; and as to producing the effect proposed from it, that of checking smuggling, smuggling has been carried on more extensively since than ever.

"11160.—Still you must admit that the quantity of raw silk now imported is much larger than it was before the alteration of the system in 1824: how then is it that the mills are not so well employed as they were at that period?—I think the answer to the last sufficiently answers this question; but, if instead of looking at the weight of silk imported, the Committee would for a moment consider it as a matter of length, if we look at it as a thread, to be measured by yards, instead of looking at it as so many pounds weight, it will be quite clear that from the coarseness of the great part of the raw silk now imported, there is very diminished employment for the silk mills of England. Those who wish to make out that it is not foreign competition, and not the change of system in the silk trade, that has destroyed the English throwster, are constantly referring to the weight of silk imported; but it is not fair to look at the question in that way, and it is still more unfair to do so after this explanation of the apparent inconsistency between the weight of silk and the quantity of employment it gives, has again and again been made.

JOHN BALLANCE, ESQ.

"8383.—There has been, during the years you have mentioned, a large importation of raw silk, how do you reconcile the distress you have been describing in Spitalfields to that circumstance?—Silk goods are made heavier now than they were formerly; if I work up a thousand weight of silk in goods, weighing one ounce to the yard, and I work up a thousand weight of silk in goods, weighing an ounce and a quarter to the yard, nothing can be clearer than that I have one-fourth less in yards length, and paying the work people by the yard, there is one-fourth less wages paid. But I do not wish to make this assertion without proof; and I hold in my hand an account of the produce of an hundred looms, from 1822 to 1831, showing the weight of silk worked up by them, with the wages paid in each year, including all charges. I am now exhibiting, not as formerly, the price for weaving only, but that of winding and warping also. This is extracted from our accounts upon plain silks.

In 1822	. .	100 Looms worked up	*lbs.*	5,964	. .	Total Wages paid	£	4,803
1823	. .	100	. .	ditto	. .	5,530	. . . . .	ditto	. .	4,294
1824	. .	100	. .	ditto	. .	5,516	. . . . .	ditto	. .	4,151
1825	. .	100	. .	ditto	. .	6,232	. . . . .	ditto	. .	4,690
1826	. .	100	. .	ditto	. .	5,543	. . . . .	ditto	. .	4,011
1827	. .	100	. .	ditto	. .	6,102	. . . . .	ditto	. .	4,010
1828	. .	100	. .	ditto	. .	7,210	. . . . .	ditto	. .	4,240
1829	. .	100	. .	ditto	. .	7,500	. . . . .	ditto	.	4,150
1830	. .	100	. .	ditto	. .	7,730	. . . . .	ditto	. .	3,891
1831	. .	100	. .	ditto	. .	7,680	. . . . .	ditto	. .	3,490

This account shows nearly 2,000 lbs. weight of silk more worked up, and 1,600*l.* less paid for it, in 1831 than in 1822.

This is evidence sufficient to prove the change which has taken place in our silk manufacture. As a corroboration of our statement, relative to the present unproductive employment of the fine Italian silk, we shall quote

J. BROCKLEHURST, JUN., ESQ.

"11426.—Is the throwing of Italian silk of importance to England?—Of the first consequence, as it affords so much employment on account of its being of a fine size, and consequently considerable wages. Independent of this, Italian raw silk is absolutely requisite to ensure the consumption of the raw silk imported from China and Bengal; and I may here state with regard to a trade I know something of, where 100,000 lbs. of Bengal and China silk is consumed, 50,000 lbs. of Italian silk is requisite to work it up into manufactured goods."

We think that we have now sufficiently established the point, that the increase of the importation of silk is no proof of the prosperity of the silk trade. The enemy is beaten out of his strong-hold: let us now inquire what petty defences he may retreat to, unwilling as he is to give up the unequal contest with common sense. Firstly, he rallies at the point of English competition being the cause of the present distress. Now, that the English competition does *increase* the distress, we acknowledge; but the English competition has arisen from the general ruin occasioned by the unequal competition with France: it is the act of despair—the rush of a body of men from a falling house, in which the struggle is for existence, and all feelings, except that of self-preservation, are forgotten. The manufacturer beholds his capital reduced every week that he pays his workmen, and the scanty pittance doled out is magnified by his losses into an enormous sum. He proposes lower wages to the operatives, they complain but cannot combine. If one refuses, another accepts the new arrangement, for hunger must be appeased, and half a loaf is better than no bread. The poor rates are applied to, and thus does the country pay more for her artisans thrown out of work than she would if they were profitably employed.

We have established the points that an unequal competition with French manufactures has produced unparalleled distress in the silk trade of this country, and, that the increase of importation, brought forward by the optimists to disprove the above fact, is fallacious; we have now to consider the silk trade of England in another point of view, which is, whether it is advisable to encourage and protect a trade which requires prohibition, or allow the hundreds of thousands embarked in it to turn their capital and labour into other channels, or die off in their wretched tenements, and thus relieve us of the burthen of their support. It is very easy in theory to divert labour and capital into other channels, but we suspect that it is rather difficult in practice. That the labour of Mr. Poulett Thomson or of Doctor Bowring might be so diverted, and that it would be equally valuable, if applied in any other channel, we have no doubt; but their capital, in the first place, is not very large; and if their labour were paid for only in the ratio of its utility, we imagine that the starving operative would have the advantage of them in point of wages. We will, however, take the evidence upon this subject.

J. BROCKLEHURST, JUN., ESQ.

"11409.—They were in it, and could not get out of it?—Men cannot get out of a trade they are embarked in, so rapidly as some political economists imagine.

"11410.—If you had 20,000*l.* invested in a silk mill, do you know any mode of realizing your property when the throwing of silk is unprofitable?—At the time

when individuals wish to get out of a trade, they find that the moment, of all others, no one wishes to get into it.

" 11411.—Does not that observation peculiarly apply to manufacturing establishments, where there are large buildings, a plant and machinery, peculiarly adapted to that trade?—Yes, but political economists conceive that we can turn from the manufacture of cotton or silk, or any thing else, with the rapidity they proceed to conclusions.

" 11412 —Can the machinery be applied to any purpose ?—To no purpose but fire wood ; I have seen property sold, (if in fact it may be so called,) that cost 60*s*., for 3*s*."

JOHN WRIGHT.

" 11764.—Can other trades give employ for the silk hands if their trade be destroyed by the removal of their protection ?—No, they cannot, for turn which way you may you will see no prospect of admittance into other trades ; and on the supposition that we could learn another business as speedily as we could say, as sometimes is said in the art of legerdemain, ' Fly, Jack,' there is no room for us ; to make this appear, I direct your attention to the present state of circumstances ; firstly, I look in the face the overwhelming surplus of the people, and ask them whether these are times to turn a whole trade upon them ; secondly, turn your thoughts to the alarming increase of pauperism and of poor rates, and ask the overseers and rate-payers whether it is good policy to turn a whole trade on them at once. I think I can further show that other trades cannot find employ for us, from the labouring and bending of great minds in the Upper House, in order to find employment for the overplus labourers of the corn-growing districts ; also the Emigration Committee arrayed before the Board of Trade, &c. Again, the silk throwing and weaving has been an asylum to hundreds, if not thousands, of persons once engaged in the cotton trade, who, owing to the invention and improvement of machinery, have been thrown out of employment, and turned to the silk trade for a morsel of bread."

MR. ROBERT BOULTER.

" 11008.—If the silk trade is so extremely depressed as you and the other witnesses describe it, why do you not remove from that into some other branch of trade ?—That is a question that has been often asked by honourable members, why you cannot find employment in some other branch of industry ; it may be very well with men of capital to remove their capital, and enter into some other branch of manufacture ; but it is not so easy for a workman, after he has learned his trade, to remove and find other means of employ ; other trades must be learned, and it is very hard for a man, after he has served seven years, that he should not be able to get a living, but be thrown on the wide world to seek that employment he can hardly find ; I consider that a working man cannot find employment after he has once served his time to a particular trade, in any other ; if we went to labouring work, we should never be able to return to weaving, for our hands would be in that state that we should not be able to handle the silk."

MR. JOSEPH GROUT.

" 10313.—Will any manufacturer continue to carry on a losing trade ?—Not generally, I should think ; but as we have above 100,000*l*. invested in buildings and machinery, which capital will be lost unless we continue to work ; the Committee will see that we have no alternative ; *we must go on*."

From the above evidence it would appear, that if the silk manufactures of this country are not supported, the capital embarked must be considered as thrown away, and the poor rates will be the only resort of the operatives. A population of upwards of seven hundred thousand will be thrown upon the public as a dead weight. This is rather serious, and we must therefore inquire what are the advantages that we are to obtain, or have obtained, from the admission of the French manufactures to the ruin of our own trade?

The first is, that *silk is to be obtained for less money*, that is to say, that the wives and daughters of the higher classes pay less for their

dresses than they did formerly, and that maid servants can now appear quite as smart as their mistresses. Now, although individuals on a fixed income, arising from either their own property, or some good situation under government, such as, President of the Board of Trade, may from this derive a partial benefit, we assert, that on the whole, when we consider the want of circulation of money in this country from the non-employment of its industry—the drawing of it into foreign countries in payment of the industry of their people to the exclusion of our own—the poor rates continuing the existence of those who are unwilling drones upon the society at large—the country pays double the price of silk to what it would pay, if it protected its own artisans. Neither must it be forgotten, that the general use of silk in dresses displaces some other staple article of home manufacture, such as cotton; and as those who depend upon the manufacture for their support, have, in their distress, sunk into prostitution, so, too often do those maid servants who wear the cheap silks, in their vanity, follow in the same course. In each point of view, the destruction of the trade, and the cheapness of the material, appear to have produced effects of a demoralizing tendency.

The French take our cotton twist. They do, but because they cannot manufacture without it: if they could, they would not take it. Our prohibition of their silks will not diminish the quantity of cotton twist sent into France. Where there is a demand, there will always be a supply, as certainly as that water will find its level.

The prevention of smuggling. We have most satisfactorily proved from the evidence of others, and from the acknowledgment of his Majesty's ministers, that smuggling has, on the contrary, increased to a degree that they themselves could never have anticipated. On this subject we cannot refrain from making a few observations. His Majesty's ministers are so earnest in their wish of ruining the silk trade of this country, that they consider any one who smuggles silk as a public benefactor; and although they make no scruple of imprisoning for twelve months any poor sailor who is discovered with a pint of spirits under his jacket, they compromise with those who have defrauded the country of thousands. By what right they dared to trifle with those laws enacted for the punishment of the rich as well as the poor, we have yet to learn. At all events, we denounce their conduct as a shameful violation of the trust imposed upon them, and submit the propriety of impeachment.

We have already shown, by the evidence before the silk committee, the prosperous state of the silk trade, previous to the repeal of the prohibitory acts. We will now examine whether the silk trade of England did, at any time, rise to the perfection of that of France. That it did once, can easily be proved. Any one who will look over the patterns of the Spitalfields manufactures of sixty and seventy years back, will acknowledge that even now the French cannot produce any thing superior, if indeed equal, to them. At that period our manufacturers could afford to pay four to five hundred per annum to designers and draughtsmen, as the French do now. That it would take some time before the trade would arrive again to this state of perfection, we acknowledge; and that there would, for a long

while, be a supply of patterns that would be smuggled over from France, is not to be denied. But the copying of these patterns would revive our trade, and as it revived, so would its capabilities; and if the duties on the raw material remain as they are, while the trade is protected, we have no hesitation in asserting, that English capital, English ingenuity, and English industry, will soon bear away the palm from even the French. We will refer to the evidence on this point.

MR. WILLIAM BRIDGES.

"10382.—Have you any personal knowledge whether goods the produce of your manufacture were worn by ladies of high rank in this country?—Most certainly; they were worn by the Royal Family, and by the nobility in general.

"10383.—Were the silks made from designs by English artists, or did you copy French patterns?—By English artists, drawn expressly to our instructions.

"10384.—Do you think there was any want of taste and skill on the part of the English manufacturer at that time, as compared with the French?—Certainly not; and I beg leave to show a few patterns of what we made in 1822 and 1823; [*delivering them in*]; the two first in the corner are the first production of the Jacquard in this country."

BARRETT WADDEN, ESQ.

"10069.—What price can you produce that at?—I can produce the thing, if I can get a sale for it; allow me to say, I think the general run of French manufactured silks coming into this country are, I must acknowledge, superior to ours; but that if I am encouraged, and that a profit is insured to me that will enable me to buy the best description of materials, and to pay fairly every man that I employ to manufacture that material into goods, I will let my head be severed from my body if I will not undertake to manufacture goods as perfect in Spitalfields as they can be produced elsewhere."

The next question to be considered is, whether a duty can be placed on foreign manufactures, so as to protect our own; for we hold it as our opinion, that if this can be effected, that it is always preferable to a total prohibition. We coincide with the opinions given in the evidence upon this important query. It has already been acknowledged by his Majesty's ministers, that the present rate of duties is ineffectual, and they now propose a still further reduction.

BARRETT WADDEN, ESQ.

"11002.—Do you consider that a further reduction of duties will at all tend to relieve the trade from any of the disadvantages under which it at present labours?—I am satisfied that so far from relieving the trade by a further reduction of duties, I hope I am not wrong in giving an honest expression to my own feelings, but I must in justice to myself say, that I absolutely consider it a symptom of insanity for any man to recommend it."

MR. RICHARD BENNETT.

"10744.—What would be the effect of a further reduction on foreign thrown silk?—It would produce very little benefit to the manufacturer, and almost a total ruin to the throwster."

MR. THOMAS JOHNSON.

"11577.—What would be the effect of a still further reduction of the import duty?—Destruction of the British throwster; we are all but annihilated as it is; our property is made useless; I have a capital of 15,000*l.* sunk in a silk mill and machinery; the mill is of no more value to me than this piece of paper, it gives me no return; I have not only sacrificed my own labour, but I have sacrificed funds and property, which I derive and draw from other sources; it all seems to sink, and I am keeping this mill in action, in hopes of better and improved times."

In fact, the vicinity of the two countries will always enable the smuggler to bring over any quantity of French goods that may be required. Raise the protecting duty, and the smuggling will increase to the injury of the revenue, as well as to the ruin of the manufacturer; lower the duty, and, although the revenue may not be so defrauded by the smuggler, yet it will be comparatively nothing, while the silk trade of this country will be lost for ever. The great check to smuggling was the total prohibition, for, at that time, the charge and risk did not cease as soon as the goods were once warehoused, whereas now, under a protecting duty, they cannot be challenged, it being impossible to prove after once landed, whether they have, or have not paid the duty. During the prohibition any article of French manufacture was liable to seizure, found where it might be; and the risk and expenses attending the Court of Exchequer so great, that it was carried on but to a very trifling extent. We will now collect the evidence as to a total prohibition, and then conclude with an examination into the propriety of the measure.

JOHN BALLANCE, ESQ.

"8473.—If you recommend a positive prohibition of fancy and figured silks, do you not apprehend that the trade of the country would be great losers in point of style and fashion?—I apprehend not; the Parisian fashions could, and would still be obtained as formerly; but they would be in silks of English manufactures; at the same time, the encouragement thus given to British artists would, in all probability, soon enable them to rival French fabrics, and thus the British public would be gainers rather than losers; they would get French patterns, and at the same time give confidence to the British manufacturer to rival those patterns; at present he cannot do it; he goes to it with a halter round his neck.

"8483.—Is it your opinion, that under such regulations it is still possible for the silk trade to prosper in this country, and that thus we should have a final adjustment of this question?—I have said that the most effectual remedy for the evils of the silk trade is to be found in the law of prohibition, and I am fully of opinion that had the consequences of the repeal of that law been foreseen by the administration in 1824, that law would never have been touched; but looking at the silk trade as it now is, I am of opinion that if the fancy and figured branches of this trade were protected by prohibition, as an exception to the general rule of commercial policy, and the other interests of the trade were protected by sufficient duties, it would instantly revive, and might become to a certain extent a flourishing manufacture. In a few months I apprehend the workpeople would get employment upon a rate of wages by which they could subsist, the manufacturer would have a portion of his profits restored to him, and gain confidence in what he does, and the throwster, who I beg to say has suffered most severely, would receive in the shape of increased employment some little remuneration for the great loss of capital that he has been compelled to make; but if these measures, or something like them, be not adopted, I feel satisfied that the silk trade will go floundering on till it shall exhibit a mere wreck of its former greatness and importance."

MR. RICHARD BENNETT.

"10765,—What, in your opinion, would be the best means of extending the Spitalfields manufacture?—The best plan would be an entire exclusion of foreign goods; a duty of 5*s*. on foreign organzine, and 3*s*. on tram, and some further protection against smuggling. Why should not the person who employs the smuggler, be subject to the same law himself?

"10775.—Short of a prohibition, you do not conceive the trade would be protected?—That is my firm opinion.

"10776.—What will improve the trade of this country; would you increase the price of the article, or in what way would improvement take place?—We should have the manufacture of those goods which are imported.

"10777.—In what way would prohibition operate?—It would be beneficial in one

respect, by acting as a stimulus to trade, which would afford a little advance to the operative, and a little profit to the manufacturer.

"10778.—Would it also increase the price to the consumer?—Undoubtedly it would tend to increase the price of the article; it would be at the expense of the rich instead of the poor."

MR. JOSEPH GROUT.

"10316.—Is it your opinion, that if this country were to return to the prohibitory system, smuggling would be encouraged by such a measure?—I wish to call the attention of this honourable Committee most distinctly to that point; I think I may positively assert that for the last ten years, during the prohibitory laws, there was not in amount 20*l*. worth of crape smuggled into this country.

"10321.—What measures would you recommend, with a view to restore the silk trade of this country to its former state of activity?—I am of a decided opinion that nothing short of entire prohibition would have that desirable effect, and I think it is putting the industry of the operatives of this country to a severely cruel test, to oblige them to compete, not only with the foreign nations of Europe, but with China also, where all the necessaries of life may be purchased at one-twelfth the price paid in England, besides the local advantages they possess in raising the silk on their own soil."

The question remaining to be discussed is, whether the circumstances attending the case, and the evidence which has been produced, warrant us in departing from the real principles of free trade, and returning to our former total prohibition of French manufactured silks.

We assert, that it is most decidedly our duty as well as our interest so to do; and, at the risk of being accused of repetition, we will bring forward arguments which we have elsewhere advanced. What is the true basis of political economy? It is to find employment for the industry of the lower classes, which industry is the true wealth of the nation. It is not from the splendour of the court, from the palaces of the aristocracy, or from the wealth of the higher classes, that we can form an estimate of the prosperity of a nation. We must enter into the tenement of the artizan, we must dive into the humble abodes of the operatives, and if we discover that they are not only employed, but sufficiently remunerated for their labour, we may then safely assert that the nation is prosperous; as in proportion as their industry is employed or unemployed, so will the nation be enriched or be impoverished. The enactments of our forefathers, which have been so madly and precipitately swept away by vanity and imbecility, were based upon this sound principle of legislation—"Never to allow others to do for us, that which we could perform ourselves, as every fraction of labour with which we parted, was, in fact, parting with so much wealth." The political theorists of the present day have totally overlooked the immense importance of the exchange of labour for labour, the internal commerce of a country; they appear to consider that import and export are the only sources of national prosperity. Now we assert, that the first object of sound legislation is the employment of the industry of the people at home, the exchange of labour for labour producing a healthy circulation, pervading and invigorating the whole system of the body politic.

That effected, we must then look to foreign commerce as the means of further prosperity and wealth—but the former is our necessity, the second our superfluity. We are willing to acknowledge the great

importance of foreign commerce to this country, which has to meet the annual claims of so many creditors, but still we assert, that, although by foreign commerce we are materially assisted and enabled to meet these claims to their full amount, we shall invariably be losers if we neglect the great vital principle of home employment in our eagerness to extend our foreign commercial relations. The indirect taxes of this country affect every article of subsistence, every necessary, every want, and every luxury, and the larger the sum of money that is circulated by the employment of the people, the greater will be the receipts into the treasury. Now, if we reflect upon the effects produced by the poor-rates, we shall then perceive the consequences of unemployed industry. Millions are paid for the support of those who are not able to give us their labour in return—in fact, they are a dead weight. It may be said that the money is expended—it is so, but it is upon one who eats the bread without returning the value of it by his labour, to his country; and, let it be also borne in mind, that, becoming himself a drone upon the community, he also throws another man out of employment as well as himself; for the money employed to feed him in a state of inactivity might have been expended in giving employment to another, who would have given his labour in return. Now, as the poor-rates have the effect of doubling the want of employment in the ratio of their own magnitude, we may then perceive how vitally important it is that we should find employment for the industry of the nation. A return to prohibition may in appearance raise the price of silk, but, although the purchasers may actually pay more, the nation at large, among whom they are to be included, will, *de facto*, pay less. It should never be forgotten, that in every large community, yielding support to, and dependent on each other for subsistence, there is a circulation which, like that of the human body, pervades the whole, to the most distant ramification and extremity; and whether it be good, or whether it be evil, by which any particular part of the organization may be affected, in proportion to its relative proximity, will every other part of the frame suffer in a larger or in a smaller degree. Those who are so loud for the repeal of the corn laws, and anticipate that a free trade in the staff of life would alleviate the present distress, would, if the ports were thrown open to their solicitations, be as much disappointed in the results, as they have been, who prophesied such advantages from our present system of free trade. They would then discover, that although bread might be procured at a cheaper rate, that there would be a great deficiency of money in the till, or in the breeches' pocket, wherewithal to purchase it, they having injured instead of having benefited themselves by destroying the consumers of their own industry.

We have now upwards of seven hundred thousand souls who depend upon the English silk manufacture for their subsistence. One year more and we may consider that this important branch of internal commerce will be destroyed. We have before stated that the baneful effect of the poor laws, is to double the loss of employment in the country. We have therefore to anticipate, that, if the present measures are persisted in, the country will be burdened with the support

of upwards of seven hundred thousand people, and thereby destroy the industry of nearly one million and a half of its operatives. Is this a consideration of no importance? We appeal not to the political theorists, but to the reflecting and sensible men who will be returned as members of the reformed House of Commons.

We say, that we appeal not to the political theorists: they are men without sympathy for the distresses of the poor; they only legislate for the rich, they hold up a nefarious system, by which the affluent and non-productive classes are benefited at the expense of the productive and industrious—a system by which every guinea deducted from the price of a dress worn by their wives or their daughters, may consign to misery, starvation, and even death, the family of an honest and industrious artizan, who, in their eyes, is but a machine from which they will extract as much possible labour at the least possible cost.

We do, however, anticipate that a change is about to take place, and that the free traders of the present school will soon meet with the scorn, the contumely, and the indignation which they deserve. They have insulted the understanding of the nation, they have ruined its prosperity, they have laughed at its distress, they have mocked its cries for relief, and they have *virtually* murdered thousands of their own fellow-subjects.

If it had been only to the silk trade, whose cause we have now advocated, that these pernicious measures had been applied, it would have been some small consolation; but they have injured every branch of our manufactures, every staple of our industry, every means of honest employment and livelihood. Whether we refer to our colonies, to our shipping interests, or our foreign commercial regulations, we behold the same cursed infatuation, the same meddling, mischievous, monkey spirit of interference, the same ridiculous vanity of supposed intellect, the same haste and insane precipitation. Like madmen, they have thrown about fire, crying it was only in sport, until we have reason to dread a total conflagration of our happiness, our wealth, and our importance as a nation.

Notwithstanding all which, we do not doubt but that, during these winter evenings, Mr. Poulett Thomson and his friend, Doctor Pangloss, will sit over a comfortable fire, discoursing about the blessings of free trade as the best of all possible things—the French as the best of all possible people—starvation as the best of all possible proofs of the prosperity of the country—claret as the best of all possible wines—our ancestors as the greatest of all possible fools—and they, the "optimists," as the wisest of all possible legislators. We can only reply that, in our opinion, if the former gentleman and his shallow-brained coadjutors in the present theoretical humbug were kicked out of office, and the ministry returned to our former system of protecting industry, it would be the "best of all possible things" for this unfortunate country.

ADDENDA.

Since we wrote the preceding article, we have received the petition of the French silk-manufacturers of Lyons to their own House

of Commons, praying that some *reciprocity* may be granted to England, rather than that they should lose so valuable a trade as that of the exportation of their silks to this country. This petition, which we now submit to the public, is of the greatest importance, as it corroborates from the French themselves, the truth of what we have advanced. They acknowledge that we have not that reciprocity which is the basis of free trade, that their export of silks to this country is the source of their prosperity, as it is of our ruin, that the Germans have established their own silk manufactures to the prohibition of the French, and, that the French manufactures exported to this country, amount to upwards of *one million sterling.* Further remarks are supererogatory.

FRENCH SILK-TRADE.

PETITION TO THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES OF THE SILK-MANUFACTURERS OF LYONS, PRESENTED A FEW DAYS AGO.

(From *Le Courier de Lyon.)*

"We, the undersigned silk-manufacturers of Lyons, trusting that the law (new rate) of Customs' duties so eagerly expected by the manufacturing interests of France—but which your important labours of last session prevented you from carrying through all its legislative stages—will be one of the very first objects of your consideration; and learning, besides, that extensive modifications of our commercial relations with England are in course of preparation, beg leave to submit to your serious attention some observations relative to the French silk-trade.

"You are aware, Messieurs, of the great importance of this branch of our commerce, that its annual exports are very nearly 100,000,000 francs, and that our populous city is almost wholly engaged in it. Nevertheless, the trade of Lyons is just now far from being in a prosperous condition, and its future prospects are not calculated to free us from anxiety.

"To preserve the ancient outlets or markets of our industry, to increase their importance, to open new ones, and to enable us to vary more the nature of our products, is the only certain means in your power of assisting us.

"England in 1826 advanced a great step in our favour in the path of commercial liberality. Our silks, till then prohibited from entering the ports of Great Britain, were admitted at a duty just sufficient to protect the British manufacturer. The consequences of this change in the commercial law of England were, in the outset, most advantageous to us. A new impulse was imparted to our industry, and our looms multiplied, but it was soon begun to be felt that the new opening which the English market thus afforded was only sufficient to balance the loss of that of Germany, heretofore one of great importance to Lyons, and which from day to day was passing away from us, the Germans having successfully applied themselves to the manufacture of silks themselves.

"The trade between Lyons and London has not slackened; since 1826 it has gradually increased, and become more regular. At present the exports of our silks to England are worth not less than 25,000,000; that is to say, not less than one-fourth of our entire exports enter the English market. And yet this most beneficial trade is threatened with destruction!

"What, let us ask, is to become of our artisans, whose precarious and unprosperous condition has recently been so painfully demonstrated to the world, if, instead of zealously cherishing the means of their pros-

perity, one of the most important outlets for the produce of their industry is at once shut up?

"The English manufacturers would appear to have been alarmed by the introduction of our silks. A Parliamentary inquiry has recently been the result of their complaints, and it is to be feared that that inquiry may lead to the fatal decision of a change of the existing facilities to the introduction of our fabrics.

"The most zealous advocates of free trade in England complain loudly of a total absence of reciprocity on the part of the French government. 'We were the first,' say they, 'to open the paths of commercial liberty to France; the amount of French imports show how extensively we applied the principles of free trade in her favour. We have acted thus liberally for six years, but we have acted alone. France has not responded to us in a spirit of enlightened reciprocity. While we, on the one side, have been admitting her silks, which we could very well have dispensed with, she, on the other hand, has shut her doors on the produce of our industry and soil; though some of them are so indispensable to her that her government is actually obliged to sanction their contraband introduction.'

"There is no replying to these statements, except in one way—imitating the liberal policy of the English government.

"It would be a work of supererogation to endeavour to impress upon you, gentlemen deputies, so constantly occupied with the interests of state, the conviction of the tendency of commercial ties to strengthen political alliances. England and France now present to the world the rare spectacle of the close union and perfect conformity of the political views of two great nations. This salutary alliance of the two governments will, in a manner, be rendered indissoluble, if it isat the same time made to rest upon the private interests of their respective inhabitants, as must be the case if the commercial relations between the two countries are augmented on an extensive scale, so that the traders, no less than the rulers of France and England, will have a common interest in cherishing peace and friendship with each other. France and England, leaders in the march of European civilization, thus animated by the same enlightened principles of policy, would by their union render a serious war in Europe a matter of impossibility; and peace, the great condition of the prosperity of national industry, would be for generations secured.

"Let, then, the French government follow the example so nobly set it by the government of England; and, convinced by the spirit of just reciprocity manifested by us, let not the advocates of a liberal commercial policy in England have to repent them of their first concessions; satisfy them that we are disposed to make others in return.

"We have reason to believe that the Minister of Commerce is anxious to follow in the enlightened path which has been opened to him by the British government, and to labour to place the commercial intercourse between the two nations on the broadest, and thence the most mutually beneficial basis.

"We humbly beg of you, Messieurs the Deputies, to support him in his design, and to (as far as it will appear to you practicable) substitute a well-devised scale of duties for the system of prohibition at present in force.

"By so doing you will enrich the Treasury by the large sums (which it will be thence enabled to employ in more beneficial channels) required at present to prevent smuggling. You will impart to commerce those facilities of intercourse which it now so much requires, and thus add to the means of increased production, and its correlative increased consumption.

"We feel it necessary to particularly fix your notice upon the impor-

tant benefits which such a removal of the fetters of commercial intercourse as that we now propose would confer on our manufactures, by enabling us to vary their products, to multiply the number of our fabrics, and consequently to render our artisans less exposed to those fatal interruptions (suspensions of employment) of which we have had too many instances. We cannot too earnestly or too often remind you of the fact, that the great source of the precarious condition of our workmen is the uniformity, the sameness, the want of variety, of our manufactures, and that this uniformity is mainly owing to the too long cherished system of prohibition. The silk manufactures are almost the sole means of employment to our numerous population; any interruption, therefore, in that one branch of manufacturing industry is fatal to a population to whom no other channel of employment is open.

"But in praying the Chamber to adopt the principles of free trade frankly and aboveboard, we owe it to ourselves to state that we are prepared to make the personal sacrifices which are inseparable from its adoption, and that it is not in our own favour alone that we are now addressing you.

"At present we possess the monopoly, so advantageous to us personally, of the silk trade of France. Nevertheless, we say, abolish the prohibition on it. Let all French silks, raw and worked, be exported at a rate of duty nearly equal to that imposed by other states who are also producers of silk—that is, at a moderate duty, just sufficient to prevent a sudden collision with some rival producer. Let the advantages of the foreign market be open to all branches of the silk trade,—to the grower, the refiner, the throwster, and the manufacturer, equally. We most willingly assent to the change. We go further, and entreat you to adopt it.

"We conclude, Messieurs the Deputies, in praying you to support by your votes, every measure that may tend to remove the shackles which fetter the commercial intercourse between France and England, and to substitute for the present system of prohibitions a well-devised system of duties."

(Here follow the signatures of One Hundred of the principal manufacturers of Lyons.)

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, December 18.

The popular party in France is, for the moment, low, I am sorry, but obliged to confess. There is something of a momentary re-action in favour not so much of monarchy, as of monarchical appendages. Indifference has paralized the electors; and, consequently, the majority of the Chamber, with the fear of the people no longer before their eyes, seem inclined to be audaciously dominant, and think they may deal lordlily with the public liberties. Thus, on the debate on the address, neither Castlereagh nor Canning were ever more impudent or careless in avowing and defending the arbitrary acts of government, than were Barthe and Thiers; and never was English opposition so cowed into moderation as the French.

How is this? Is it that popular parties are short-lived and fickle, or is such character true merely of France? Alas! I fear that the former is true, and that two or three years of political effervescence and incertitude, affecting commerce, and throwing obstacles in the common way of life, is sufficient to disgust the warmest partizans, and to substitute indifference for zeal. Such at least is the case here in France. Whether it will be the case in England, I know not. But look to it.

The fact is, that none but aristocratic parties endure. They are like rivers, that sweep in a continued course, more rapid and violent at first, more large and calm at last, but increasing ever, until they reach the great ocean, where they are destined to disappear. Democratic party, on the contrary, resembles now a huge lake, inundating and overwhelming the whole land; whilst the next season it dries up, disappears, and leaves not even the trace of its channel behind. Look through history. You will see York and Lancaster, Orleans and Burgundy, spill blood, and alternately monopolize influence for centuries; whilst the popular party breaks forth but in momentary insurrection, quenched soon by the sword and the scaffold. More lately the Puritans were a popular party. They rose in 1640, and were irresistibly triumphant; they placed their chief upon the Stuart's throne. Yet in a short twenty years they were no more. It is said, that the wits and poets of the Restoration put Puritanism to flight by the arrows of their ridicule; but these were spent upon a body already extinct. In 1660, the English people had *sent in their resignation*, to use a phrase of their neighbours, and Charles the Second trod down the upper classes, merely because the lower ones were indifferent. As to Whigs and Tories, those were merely aristocratic parties. A popular one—where is it to be found throughout the last century of our history, except in applauding Sacheverel, and hissing Lord Bute? In 1790, indeed, our people began to awaken to political feeling. Yet how soon were they frighted or lulled. In 1830 they awoke again; and are still awake. But how long will they remain so? Not till 1835, that I venture to prophesy. Radicals, look to it; and although now afloat, look for the time as possibly near, when the tide will ebb, and leave you on the dry sand.

But how, and why, are the French liberals so low? You may well ask. For the minority in the Chamber numbers almost as strong, as it did last year, making at least one-third of the entire house. This is true, but the spirit is no longer the same. Or what is more important, the spirit of people out of doors. I need give but one proof. At the close of the last session, nine even in ten were of the *mouvement* and anti-ministerial. When Lamarque's funeral took place, it was attended by all

who disapproved of the existing government: and this was all Paris. In a week after, nine-tenths had abandoned the *mouvement*. The insurrection of the 5th of June had alarmed all the timid, and put the *mouvement* out of mode. If Lamarque died to-morrow, he would not have a cortege of a hundred persons. Such is France—such is Paris. If this is the case in the capital, the effect is much greater in the provinces; which, already jealous of Paris, were trebly jealous at perceiving the attempts made by the capital to dispose of them in a new insurrection. Owing to this, the *juste melieu* members have become violently and intolerantly Tory; while the oppositionists are obliged to "roar you as gently as sucking doves." This was exemplified in the debates on the address. Barret made amost eloquent discourse, but it was altogether on the theme of, "I beg pardon, gentlemen." Whilst Thiers acted the veritable bully, casting abuse and insinuation around him, *sans se donner la peine d'avoir raison.*

This would be a lamentable state of things any where, save in France; but here one extreme begets another: and three months is an especially long life for a fashion as a sentiment. So that *juste milieu-ism*, or ultra-moderation being the order of the day in December, we may expect that it will last with the *bibi* bonnets (so is named the fashionable female head-gear) till *Long-champs*. At Easter, therefore, expect a new letter from me, telling how the moderates are vilified, and how all the world have grown liberal again.

In the mean time, this turn of the tide, so much more violent than was expected, has shipwrecked divers parties, and swallowed up more than one hopeful ambition. Dupin, for instance, held off far from the *Doctrinnaires*, and even thought it advisable to be more liberal than Casimir Perier. Dupin reasoned thus, "My friend Perier in all his strength dared not burden himself with the unpopularity of the *Doctrinnaires*, much as he wanted their talent. For them to succeed him, and rule alone, is therefore impossible. The Chamber will not tolerate the last. I and my party, therefore, are the only candidates for power. And, being so, I will not accept place, except it be the first place, and on my own terms." His calculation was fair, well reasoned, and would have never deceived him, except in a country where public opinion is loose as the wind. Dupin's exorbitance offends the court. The court names the *Doctrinnaires*, but forgets not to cajole Dupin, at the same time that it puts him aside. At length Dupin perceives that he has been tricked. He musters his party, some thirty or forty deputies, and consults what they have to do. And in this consultation they find, that there really exists no question upon which, with decorum and success, they can oppose the ministry. The *etat de siege* was a fair one; but Dupin, so long silent on the subject, could scarcely open his mouth violently at the eleventh hour. Besides, the *pistol-shot* had intervened—the pistol-shot,* that bright pretext, held out by the artifice of Thiers to such deputies as only waited for some such event to forsake opposition, and join in the pæan of *quasi* loyalty. Monsieur Lawrence, for example, a junior member of the left, fell in tears upon the king's hand on this occasion, and

* There are few doubts left as to the pistol-shot. It might have remained dubious, but for the proofs brought in support of it. And these have completely destroyed its credibility. Mademoiselle Bourg is one. The balls found form another. The two first were welcomed at the Ministry of the Interior; but when nine or ten were brought in as found upon the bridge, the minister ordered no more to be received. To make the matter sure, a general officer of the king's suite declared, that the wadding of the shot had struck his horse's head. Unfortunately, the pistol proved to have a screw barrel, in which the ball always acts as wadding. And the existence of wadding proved the non-existence of the ball.

foreswore all future opposition. Even Barrot went, and dragged Lafitte with him to Louis Philippe's presence. So that in the bustle, poor Dupin has been condemned to nonentity, and his party has dwindled down to some fifteen or eighteen friends.

It must be owned that the *Doctrinnaires* have shown consummate ability. The change in their conduct is astonishing. When they came into administration in 1830, they committed nothing but blunders in their public acts, and impertinence in their private. M. de Broglie acted the grand seignior, and Guizot himself was a vizier; so much so, that there was but one cry of congratulation when they went out. They have mended their manners now—M. de Broglie has learned to be polite, and Guizot has had the extreme good sense to get a violent cold at the beginning of the session, which has removed his obnoxious presence from their preliminary and important debates. The papers, however, wanted to make his illness serious, and to send him to the South for the recovery of his lungs. Guizot starts up from his couch, and assures the public that he is as well as ever he was. I never saw a being with such evident thirst of place, breaking out in every look, word, and motion, as Guizot. To put him out again must have killed him outright. Another instance of the address of the *Doctrinnaires* is their getting Thiers to do the necessary dirty work for them, whilst they themselves are engaged in the preparation of useful laws and regulations.

It is on this, indeed, that the *Doctrinnaires* chiefly ground their hopes of establishing themselves firmly in power. Preceding administrations were busied too much with keeping down insurrection on the one side, and keeping quiet the sovereigns of Europe on the other, that they had not time to attend to the organization of any thing. The several departments of the administration remained in disorder; the finance has never got out of the entanglements of July—they have lived upon *douziemes provisoires*, monthly allotments, rather than annual votes. The new laws, such as were necessarily brought in, were so hurried and so ill-prepared, that they are, in fact, to do over again---that of the *garde national* for example. The *Doctrinnaires* have determined to remedy all this. Humann works like a slave, to prepare reports and amelioration; Guizot has already reorganized the public libraries; M. de Broglie has retrieved the foreign affairs from the disorder in which Sebastiani left them, and they are waiting for Barthe's going out, to put the department of justice in the same regularity. This department remains open for Dupin, if he chooses to accept, Barthe being promised the reversion of the second law station, viz. president of the *Cour des Comptes*, now occupied by Barbe-Marbois, an octogenarian invalid.

The only consolatory reflection on seeing the triumph of the *Doctrinnaires* is, that one may apply to their hold of power the same remark applied to the triumph of Barrot's eloquence; it is a personal triumph, obtained by a waving of principle. The *Doctrinnaires*, in short, must leave their *doctrine* behind them, and avoid being re-actionary, in order not to disgust the old partisans of Dupin, who tolerate them. Thus in all the measures brought in by the *Doctrinnaires* themselves, we see little obnoxious. It is only in the measures prepared by the last ministry that the manifest contempt of liberty and the popular principle is observed. Such are the laws on the *etat de siege*, and that on ministerial responsibility, both emanating from the cabinet of M. Chancellor Barthe. There are strong hopes and fears that the Chamber of Peers will reject the former; an amusing result, for a ministry to have a minority in the Upper Chamber, after two creations of sixty peers each time.

Another consolation is, that Dupin will prove much more liberal, and much more useful to the popular cause, out of the ministry than in it; for, once minister, his susceptible temper would render him as arbitrary

as Perier, whereas now he is jealous of those in power, and is endeavouring to create a *Tiers parti*, for which we see the *Constitutionnel* already sounding the trumpet. The *Tiers parti* will take their stand on the municipal laws, taking the popular side in these important questions, which thus acquire most unexpectedly the support of certainly the most powerful advocate that France affords.

But enough of politics. Indeed the strife of parties last week was engaged upon another ground. You are aware that when the *Academie Française* was new-modelled by the Convention, one of its classes or compartments was devoted to *Political and Moral Science*. Buonaparte thought this a very idle and useless employ of time and money, and he abolished the said class of the *Institute* altogether. The *Doctrinnaires* have re-established it by ordonnance. This certainly had a very curious effect. The old *philosophes* of the republic, who had lain by, forgotten for so many years, like so many chrysalides, now came forth like butterflies, in the green-embroidered uniform of academicians. It may be asked, ought moral and political science, which, like acid and alkali, are so apt to neutralize one another, to be thus joined together? As an example, take Prince Talleyrand, truly a very fit academician, as representative of political science, but as a doctor of moral science, who would propose him? He figures in the list. But now the difficulty is to complete it. The *Doctrinnaires* say, "Give us the vacant places, were it but out of gratitude;" but the old *école sensualiste*, or the *sensation* school, oppose and put forward their candidates.* The Academy of Sciences have given a sitting to the memory of Thomas Young. Arago was charged with pronouncing his eulogium, which he concluded with a smart attack upon Lord Brougham, for vituperating Young in the Edinburgh Review, by means of an unjust and superficial article. So saith Arago at least.

Did you ever hear of *Le Globe*, a Parisian journal of some celebrity, literary at first, lastly political, *doctrinnaire* in its principles, edited by Dubois, and reckoning the Duc de Broglie and his *coterie* amongst its contributors. Said contributors are now all promoted either to the administration, or to the council of the state. *Le Globe*, abandoned by them, fell into the hands of the Saint Simonians, and has perished with them. The *Doctrinnaires* have been labouring to re-establish a paper like their old one. But it proves sadly difficult. Its old supporters have become so separated, many having taken different sides in political questions. However, a kind of compromise has been effected, and a literary journal of their fabrication appears on the 1st of January, which will at least be supported by much and multifarious talent. It bears the name of *L'Europe Litteraire*. Of its tone, or leading redacteur, I as yet know nothing. It will have to compete with three rivals already in the field, each edited with zeal and talent. The first is the *Revue Encyclopedique*, Jullieu's of old, but now in the hands of the St. Simonian schism, those who approved the abstract political principles of St. Simon, without adopting his religion, his fanaticism, or the absurdities of Enfantin. The second is the *Revue de Paris*, edited by M. Amedee Pichet, known as the author of a work upon England, ill-treated in the Quarterly. The third, *La Revue de deux Mondes*, edited by two Spaniards, and also deservedly successful.

Every thing is periodical here—politics, morals, statistics, novels, poetry, all take a daily or hebdomadal form. Isolated publications make no effect. Religion itself preaches in the form of a newspaper. And

* The following is the list of the academicians of the moral class. The original ones are, Bassano, Daunou, Garat, De Gerande, Merlin, Raderea, Sieyes, Talleyrand, Dacien. The new are, Bignon, Ausin Destutt Tracy, Dupin, Guizot, Pastoret, Delaborde, Daunou, Laromiguiere, Pastoret, &c.

even caricatures appear no longer singly, but in the form of a weekly journal. Indeed the most lively and effectual opposition to Louis Philippe and to his government is made by the "*Caricature,*" being merely weekly lithographs, rivalling H. B. himself in point, in drawing, and in happiness of likeness.

P.S. Just as this letter was about to be dispatched, a pamphlet was sent to the writer, by means of the venial larceny of a typographic friend. The work is written by a statesman of influence, (why should I conceal it?) by Dupin, and contains *his* account of the Revolution of July. As such, it is an important historic document. But when I tell you, that every copy is condemned to be forthwith destroyed, you will comprehend why I devote the rest of this sheet, and the hour that it is left with me, to a spoliation of its contents. Guaranteeing to you the truth of what I here assert, I commence my brief review. The work thus commences:—

"The vigour and promptitude of action, together with the immensity of the results, render the revolution of July the greatest historical fact of which the remembrance can be transmitted to posterity. A few days, hours, one may say, sufficed to offer to the world this amazing spectacle: the laws outraged by a government which had sworn to respect them; violence and murder employed to sustain that *insurrection of power* against legally established order," &c.

The honour of having commenced the attack against the government of Polignac, the writer attributes to the Judges of the Royal Court, who acquitted the *Journal des Debats.* He thence recounts the series of events which took place until after the appearance of the celebrated ordonnances. He adroitly glides over the interview between the chief journalists and M. Dupin. The former accuse its advocate of timidity and backwardness on that occasion. The pamphlet asserts, that the answer given by him was, "that the ordonnances were illegal, ought not to be obeyed, and that every journal which did obey them, deserved to lose every subscriber."

He then comes to the first meeting of the deputies at Casimir Perier's house on Tuesday. They were in number thirty-seven, and it is marked that neither Lafayette, Laffitte, Salverte, Constant, nor Dupont de l'Eure, were of the number; they had not yet arrived at Paris. In this assembly a protestation was agreed on, and drawn up by Guizot. C. Perier, accused also of being lukewarm on this occasion, is vindicated in the pamphlet, and asserted to have been of the most ardent and determined, saying "that the movement of the people was too noble not to call for the utmost support of the deputies."

A decree of the Tribunal of Commerce, condemning the ordonnances, is cited, to the honour of that Court:

"In the mean time, the *garde nationale* began to show itself in uniform, and demanded a chief; it had none. General Pajol offered himself on Wednesday, and merely waited till Thursday morning for an *order,* signed by some deputies, to put himself at their head. This order, written at six o'clock in the morning, at the Duc de Choiseul's house, by Alexander Delaborde, deputy for Paris, under the dictation of Dupin, was given to Colonel Dégousée, who hastened to get it signed, and who delivered it later to General Pajol."

Of this part of the work each person will form their own judgment. It is evidently directed against Lafayette and his pretensions; the facts and dates are in complete contradiction with every other account. But it is important to preserve every version of historic events.

The assembly of deputies on Thursday at Laffitte's, about eleven o'clock, numbered forty present. "The necessity, in the absence of all

legal authorities, of establishing at the Hotel de Ville a *commission* to watch over public order was discussed," and agreed on; but "it was carefully explained, that this was intended not as a government for France, but merely an administration for the capital. Thus it received the name of *Commission Municipale.* Five were named, of which Lafayette was not one, with the permission of increasing their number."

It was only after these arrangements, that is, at about one o'clock, that General Lafayette arrived, holding several letters in his hand. "He spoke with that noble *sang froid* which has ever distinguished him on great occasions, saying that he had received many letters, praying him to take the command of the national guard, and that he was resolved to accept these offers. This was applauded, and General Lafayette accompanied the commission to the Hotel de Ville."

Such is M. Dupin's account, which may be compared with that of Sarrans. He then proceeds to relate the nomination of Louis-Philippe, and the events of these days, which offer no points of doubt or contestation. He denies the *programme* of the Hotel de Ville, or that there was any document read there except the proclamation of the deputies. This is another point to be disputed. He continues,

"Meantime the commission of the Hotel de Ville, taking council of zeal rather than prudence or right, had extended its attributions. Instead of remaining what it had been appointed, a simple *Commission Municipale,* it now assumed the title of *Commission du Gouvernement,* and even took upon it, the 30th of July, to name an administration."

The most singular circumstance is, that Louis-Philippe accepted this very administration, making very few changes. Amongst the rest were the *Doctrinnaires,* Guizot, and De Broglie. What is surprising is, that they have never made use of this argument in their favour, that they actually received their first appointment from the voice of the people. Dupin was named *Garde des Sceaux* by the commission, an office that he, not thinking proper to accept, Dupont de l'Eure was nominated in his place.

I have not time to dwell on an extract more from the historical parts of this production. I pass to the establishment of the difference betwixt the *quoique* and the *quasi,* the subtleties that divide Dupin from the *Doctrinnaire.* The following is a note:

"If there be one thing in the world more absolute than another, it is *legitimacy.* Either it exists, or it exists not. A *quasi*-legitimacy is the greatest of absurdities. If the elder branch of the Bourbons have not forfeited its rights, if it has preserved any, the younger branch, near as it may have been to the throne, is not the less usurping in the eyes of the logicians of legitimacy. There is between it and its elders, as Bossuet said of the Dauphin, compared with the king, 'the whole thickness of a kingdom.' Nay more: in the eyes of legitimists, the Duke of Orleans, relative of the exiled monarch, is more odious in his occupation of the throne than a stranger. There can be none, then, save the enemies of Louis-Philippe, or at least friends most imprudent, and incapable of comprehending his political position, who could think of going to seek for him another kind of title, or any other *legitimacy,* than that of the *national will.*"

I shall now wind up with the concluding paragraph of the condemned work.

"In the actual state of our civilization, the class that may be called intermediate makes the true force of the nation. It is the most laborious, the most enlightened, the most virile. It is heroic in combat, intelligent in the arts, in commerce, and the labours of industry. It cannot tolerate servitude. It loves its country, glory, and liberty, with passion; but I declare it with grief, that it knows ill how to preserve what it has conquered. *La gentilhommerie,* the gentry, know very well what they

regret, and what they would re-establish. The priestly party, that is, those who wish to render religion subservient to the success of worldly ambition, know equally well their plans and their desires. Legitimists and ultra-montans can make individual sacrifices of their interests, of their ideas, or of their party; but we, men of the people, called of old the *Tiers etat*, we only know what we dislike. When one thing is overthrown, we would overthrow another, and another, without knowing whither we tend. Envy kills, and jealousy devours us. Too numerous to arrive all of us to eminence, we cannot pardon those who do arrive; and too often, after the most sublime efforts to conquer power, we offer to our national adversaries a thousand opportunities for re-seizing and keeping possession of it. This is what discourages good citizens, and enhardens the bad. *Je le repete—Sachons nous fixer.*"

THE UNFAIR DIVISION OF THE SPOILS.

"CATCH me young Cupid," arch-ey'd Emma said,
"And we will share his pretty spoils between us;
Those spoils by which so many hearts have bled,—
O, how 'twill vex his haughty mother, Venus!"

I saw the minion; chac'd him many an hour
In the sweet haunts, where oft the boy reposes;
He fled me still from waving flow'r to flow'r,
At last took shelter in a bed of roses.

With eager hand, I thought t' have held him fast,
But ah! at once I lost my half-gain'd glory;
Into a rose the god had quickly past—
To Emma, then, I brought the flow'r—and story.

She took the rose. "Yes, it is love," said she,
"And now, poor youth, we are the spoils to sever;
The rose-bud, you'll allow, belongs to me,
To you the thorns I will resign for ever."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST.[1]

BARON STEIN.

" But some to higher hopes
Were destin'd: some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a fairer flame."

As the policy of statesmen partakes largely of the natural qualities of the mind and heart; so it would be gross folly to expect an honest or a liberal system, from a depraved or a selfish man; for honesty and liberality, passion and prejudice, interest and ambition, are all, more or less, moulded into its construction; and according as the better or worse qualities prevail in the composition; according as the motives of action are pure or impure, so will the policy be either good or bad. It is to the proportions in which these heterogeneous materials are amalgamated, that we owe the almost endless variety which marks the character, and stamps the policy of those who desire to governs nations, and mould their destinies. " There are as many kinds of men as moss," and, what the poet thus said of the genus, may also be affirmed of statesmen, as a species. Some are suited to a limited, others to an extended sphere of action: some have shown great dexterity and good sense in the management of an isolated question of policy, who would have cut a sorry figure if left to guard their country's interests through all the winding mazes of a general congress. The number of the first class of statesmen is comparatively great; but of the other, where industry, perseverance, and an aptitude for the dry details of business, are united to the splendid accomplishments necessary for carrying great affairs into effect, amidst a throng of wily, penetrating, and ambitious opponents, the number is small indeed: however, among this select and highly-gifted few, must be placed the name of the worthy and respected statesman, which stands at the head of the present paper.

With a heart endued with the best feelings of our nature, the character of the Baron is marked by honesty, probity, and frankness: his policy by profundity, benevolence, and generosity. I remember in a conversation which I once had with the Baron von K——, in company with a diplomatist of our own court, the Baron observed, that although broad shades of difference marked the policy adopted by different men of acknowledged talent, still, that as they all depended alike on the usual adjuncts of self-possession, perfect mastery of the subject, manner, tact, and address, it became difficult to distinguish, with accuracy, the points of variation. " That is very true," said our countryman; " it is difficult, if it is not impossible, to point out, with precision, the boundary lines of the brilliant colours of the rainbow, so beautifully and imperceptibly do they blend and fall into each other, but the broad shade of each is marked with ease, and readily defined. Now, if I wished to involve all parties in an inex-

[1] Continued from p. 434, vol. v.

tricable labyrinth, in which, as mostly happens, they should all lose sight of the ends originally proposed to themselves, I should choose the policy of Metternich. If my intention was to overreach by the cunning of the fox, such a policy as Nesselrode's would suit my purpose admirably; but if I wished to confuse and confound the senses of my opponent, no system would work with half such effect as the bamboozling one of Pozzo di Borgo. For an apparently fair, open, candid policy, that of the Prince Talleyrand is unrivalled; it is so dexterously fashioned, that his own appears to be the only interest about which he feels no concern: and this, by-the-bye, is the most dangerous of all the artificial systems of diplomatic action. But if I were going to rely on the justice of my cause, and on probity, veracity, and fairness for its support, I should adopt the firm, manly, open policy of the Baron Stein."

From the knowledge which I had of the latter statesman, no one could more readily assent to the preference so justly awarded to his character. Banished from the court of Berlin, through the influence of Buonaparte, he lost that extended field of action, where his vast talents had a fuller scope for exercise and display, than they could possibly find, when attached to the courts of Vienna or St. Petersburg, however highly his services might be rated, or however much they might be desired. It is at the head of a great kingdom, as a prime minister; as the great moving spring of its policy, that his comprehensive talents can alone be made evident; or the great advantages that would result from them be fully experienced. Actively engaged in the diplomacy of the times, during the long and eventful period of Buonaparte, when change succeeded change with magical rapidity, and Europe was convulsed from the centre to the circumference, yet the Baron Stein is comparatively but little known, except to those engaged in the general management of affairs; with these his character and his talents as a man, and his policy and ability as a statesman, are held in the highest estimation. The circumstance through which he is best known to the public, is the formation of the alliance, before the power of which the mighty tyranny of Buonaparte fell, as the oak is prostrated by the sweeping force of the whirlwind. The transcendent talent shown in the construction of this comprehensive scheme of policy, as perfect in all its details, as it was successful in its results, is sufficient evidence of the greatness of that mind out of which it originated, as well as of the extent and value of the materials with which it was stored. No political act tests the powers of statesmen so severely as the formation of alliances, on an extensive scale. It demands an accurate and well-grounded knowledge of the real feelings and dispositions; the actual extent of the resources; and the character, numbers, and stability of the fleets and armies of each power sought to be included in the alliance: with a foresight into the chances of disagreement that may arise; the evil consequences that would probably result; and a most accurate acquaintance with the means which could, with certainty, be commanded, to repair the breach and preserve the union. Sufficient proofs how rarely this comprehensive knowledge is found, will be readily discovered, on reference to the fate of most of the numerous alliances

formed during the eventful period, between the years 1792 and 1814; most of which failed in their objects through the intervention of circumstances, unforeseen, and, consequently, unprovided for by the framers.

Let me, however, not be misunderstood in awarding this high character to the Baron Stein; let it not be supposed that I mean to convey the smallest idea that he would not take advantage of circumstances, or even make circumstances to arise, which he saw would prove beneficial in obtaining his point. All I mean to convey is, that the means to which he would have recourse, would be neither base, disgraceful, nor treacherous; but of that description, which would not prove injurious to the characters of others, although they would be highly advantageous to himself. The stratagems used by diplomatists are of a very varied description: they are traps, baited to suit the likes and dislikes; the passions, prejudices, and weaknesses of their opponents. I recollect, in a conversation, respecting a warm opposition, that it was supposed would be made, to a certain measure, by the M. de D——, who, from his accustomed habit of opposing every thing, it was apprehended would reject every arrangement that could be devised; S—— said, "Do not throw reasoning away upon him, for he is incapable of perceiving good when it is set fully before him: the best argument is a magnificent box set with superlatively fine brilliants." Some of the party looked incredulously as to the effect of the experiment: the box, however, was presented, and it worked the miracle desired; for on the day of contest, the obstinate, querulous disputant appeared, as docile and flexible as could be wished. "The diamonds have wrought wonders," said Count V——, after the M—— had departed; "would they not prove similarly efficacious with L——?" "Perhaps they would," said S——, hesitatingly, "but I do not feel quite so sure on that point; there are difficulties in the way with L—— personally, but I think they would prove infallible arguments with his wife:" this *ruse* succeeded also. What a picture of human weakness and vanity do these men exhibit; both of whom were sent to figure in a general congress; and it is of such materials that general congresses are chiefly composed! If mankind thought and reflected more than they commonly take the trouble to do, they would soon discover with how little splendid talent the world is governed. This reflection is not mine, reader, but that of a much greater man, the Count Oxensteirn, than whom a more profound statesman never lived. If any one supposes that the best interests of states are fully understood, and faithfully consulted and settled in a general congress, such an one is miserably deceived. Franklin said that an assembly of wise men was the most foolish in the world, and this opinion is strictly applicable to a general congress, which is a mass of opposing interests, managed in various ways, both fair and unfair, by various persons, possessing various degrees of talent; ambition and self-interest being the moving springs of action. In its composition there is a large portion of knaves; a much larger one of fools; and a very small quantum of wise men: it will, therefore, be readily seen that in an assembly so constituted, the knaves prey upon the fools, as spiders first enthral and then devour the ephemeral

insects which are too unguarded to discern and avoid their trammels, and too weak to break through them.

In an extended field for display like a congress, men of strong passions and prejudices, who, in a more confined arena, manage to preserve a tolerable share of controul over themselves, are frequently caught in the well-disguised snares that are most unsparingly and dexterously laid around their weaknesses. The first circumstance of this nature which came under my own observation, was such a striking example of ambition and prejudice, triumphing over reason and good sense, that the impression will never be eradicated from my mind. M. de B——, a subtle disputant, and an energetic reasoner, had a great dislike, amounting almost to an antipathy, of M. T——, who was no mean antagonist, and whom de B—— had great ambition to vanquish, whenever an opportunity for contention offered itself. In an approaching discussion on the propriety of a cession of territory to a second-rate power, it was understood that de B—— had determined to give the measure his firm and decided opposition—a very silly determination, because the measure was really good, as it affected the general interests, as well as beneficial to the parties more immediately interested. However, as his influence was great, and his perseverance of the durable kind, his opposition was regretted extremely, and no way of preventing it offered itself to our notice. In this difficulty the powerful mind of S—— suggested, "that as we should waste time in reasoning and explanation, it would be far better to enlist ambition and prejudice under our banners. Engage M. T——," said he, "in the conference; he may be easily induced to give the measure a vehement opposition. This will stir up the prejudice of de B——, and rouse his ambition to annihilate the views of his opponent;"—and to my great surprise such was truly the result of the stratagem; for so powerfully did de B—— oppose his hated rival, that he resigned all his real views and opinions, in his ambition to vanquish him, and, from the most determined enemy, he was transformed into the warmest supporter of the measure.

And now, reader, blame not the men who take such advantages as these which have been just described; but rather blame those who entrust the public weal to agents so unfit for its promotion and management. Such men are incompetent to the management of public affairs; incapable of advancing any interest, save their own; and in the prosecution of business, their interference operates like a clog upon a carriage wheel, of no other use but to retard its progress. Men of real talent will not submit to reply to irrelevant arguments, and to explain away misconceived objections, day after day, occasioning delay in the consummation of public measures, and converting business into mere drudgery. Many striking proofs of the incompetency of diplomatic agents have come under my notice, not at Vienna only, but at several other courts, some of which shall be narrated hereafter.

THE FIFTH ESTATE.

THE world, which some philosophers assert to be in its nonage, and others in its dotage, is beginning to assume the appearance of an old crab-stock, on which every experimentalist engrafts a new shoot. A century ago, the globe rejoiced harmoniously in four quarters; but a *fifth quarter*, (paradoxically speaking,) has now sprung up in the Southern Pacific. A century ago, the constitution of the realm glorified in three goodly estates; but now the PRESS, ("THE SECOND ARK," as the Corn Law Rhymist denominates the talisman of modern magic,) has invested it with a fourth, threatening, like the rod of Aaron, to swallow up the rest.

It is natural enough that the growth of this extraneous but all-powerful limb, should have forced the flowers of rhetoric into blossom, elicited pæans from the poets, and prose from the prosy. But this is no reason why new powers should not be sought after by the curious, among the moral and political engines whose cog-wheels are whirring everlastingly in this wicked world—why a Columbus may not be found to explore its sea of troubles—why a Newton should not expound the mysteries of its milky (and watery) ways. We deny the precept of infantine wisdom, that "enough is as good as a feast;" if enough be good, according to every law of logic, more must be better. If four estates have improved the position of mankind, why not *five?* If Cerberus be made to bark with a quadrature of heads, why not try at once the harmony of a quintette? For our own parts, we have long been prepared to demonstrate the existence of a fifth estate in Great Britain; which, for want of a better name, we presume to designate The Majesty of the Hammer—a power whose edicts are daily issued by the "Morning Post," simultaneously with those of the Imperial Parliament;—whose throne, the rostrum, is held as sacred as the footstool of kings;—whose historical archives are enregistered in all polite journals;—whose dynasty of sovereigns, from the great Cock, (immortalized in the dramas of Foote,) to the greater Robins, immortalized in his own advertisements, has split the trumpet of Fame with its sayings and doings;—whose high priest may be fairly styled the finisher of the (civil) law;—whose "Finis" adorns the last page of many "a strange eventful history;"—whose pomp and circumstance is, as the lying in state of the illustrious, the commencement of nothingness to the unhappy object of the pageant! Henceforth, we trust the style of the commercial empire shall run, "King, Lords, Commons, Printers, and Auctioneers."

There is no country in Europe where auctiondom has attained a degree of spirit and refinement at all comparable with that of England. A *vente à l'enchère* in Paris is a vulgar squabble; and in Germany every estate worth buying or selling is disposed of by lottery. It is only in our own city of mercantile oligarchy, (which reflects its patent-shot manufactories and steam-chimnies in the Thames, as

proudly as St. Mark's its minarets in the waters of the Lagoon,) that palaces are erected for the service of the hammer, such as the City Auction Mart or King-street Bazaar;—that a *lingua Franca* is invented for its use, such as the "three-piled hyperbole" of the Phillips-ian and Christie-an dialects; and a revenue derived from its taxation, such as we leave to the computation of my Lord Althorp and Joseph Hume. It would afford a curious problem for the solution of the latter, to decide the amount of auction duty derived by government from the selling and re-selling of certain pictures which have shown their faces in Phillips's rooms every three years for the last forty. We could point out one particular Titian, (not Titian's particular or Titian's entire,) which has paid duty, to our certain knowledge, seven times during the last eighteen years; and a Venus Callipyga, which has been "going" and coming back to Christie's, till she must have well-nigh worn the sandals off her divine feet. There are estates whose green meadows and meandering streams have been as often painted by "glorious George," as Tempe by the classics; and "matchless town residences" that have undergone the strokes of the hammer as long and patiently as the anvils of Etna. Many "valuable investments" seem destined to the fate of nine-pins, and are knocked down only that they may be put up again; while the number of lots, like members of parliament, "bought *in*," promise to be sold out again as speedily as a citizen's three per cent. plum, on the rumour of a change of ministry.

We are not sure that a brief but impressive abstract of the march of the times, of the state of parties, and the phenomena of the political horizon, might not be deduced from the ledgers of Messrs. Phillips and his confraternity, without reference to that wordy gossip called parliamentary debates; to the orders and disorders of council; to the *ego et rex meus* of the duke; or the ukases of the autocracy of fashion. Who could not infer the decline and fall of West India property, from the auction advertisements of the present season—from the "unreserved sale of Mr. Rucker's matchless set of Dresden, the gift of the king of Saxony!"—to that of Watson Taylor's plateau, the proceeds of which would form a handsome provision for his two younger children? Who cannot point out—

"Maledetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,"

the banker's panic, by a mere reference to the columns of the daily papers—to such notices as the following?

On Friday next, Nov. 18, 1826, without reserve, by
MESSRS. FLOURISH,
To be Sold an unique Villa, situated on the southern bank of the Thames, within view of that animated feature,
BATTERSEA BRIDGE,
erected within the last ten years, at an incalculable cost, after a design by Palladio, with a rustic verandah fronting the lawn; and a
MAGNIFICENT IONIC PORTICO
ornamenting the western entrance. The villa is *seated* in the midst of shrubberies of rare exotics; with a carriage drive and *sweep*;
A STEAM CONSERVATORY
on a novel principle; graperies, pineries, ice-houses, a Gothic dairy, a Chinese pavilion, hot and cold baths, billiard room;

STABLING FOR FIFTEEN HORSES;
a pew in Fulham church, laundry, piggeries, and requisite offices of every description. The furniture, from the unrivalled repository of Messrs. Morel and Seddon, comprises two figures for supporting hall lamps, from
THE DISTINGUISHED CHISEL OF CANOVA;
and a large transparency, used by the late proprietor at the peace of 1814, representing Britannia in the costume of Minerva bestowing the olive on Europe, from
THE POWERFUL PENCIL OF ANNIBAL CARRACCI.
This *bijou* of *art* has been erected with strict submission to the higher dictates of *Nature*, and combines elegance with economy, salubrity with a rare approximation to the seat of commerce.
THE GRASSHOPPER OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE
is visible on a fine day from the observatory with the naked eye; while the adjoining downs of Battersea offer their invigorating breezes to the man of business, seeking in this *rus in urbe* a brief respite from the exhaustion attendant on the labours of the desk.
This valuable investment, the property of
TIMOTHY ALLSCRIP, ESQ. Bankrupt,
is to be sold by order of the assignees. Cards to view the premises may be had of Messrs. Quill and Pomme, Solicitors, Basinghall Street.

What is this, we should like to know, but an historical document —an amplification of the London Gazette—a commentary on the bullion question—a sort of ultimate note of admiration to the theories of the heaven-born minister and his earthly-born disciples?

Again, the West Indies! Does any Caribbean Gazette reveal more distinctly, whenever an earthquake has ravaged the Caraccas, and raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos, than Messrs. Leifchild and Co.'s announcements of the attainability of some dozen of "commodious residences, fit for the reception of a family of distinction, in Wimpole Street, Harley Street, Portland and Devonshire Places?" Or is the fall of molasses more plaintively bewailed in the small letter of the "Liverpool Mercury," under the head of MARKETS, than in the great letter of the "Times" newspaper, under the head of, "To be had, with immediate occupation, Guana Lodge, in the county of Surrey?"

Nor are the phases of the social world to be less accurately inferred from these bulletins of

The manners living as they rise.

The sale by auction of the effects of that great reformer, Brummel, fixes the first grand epoch of dandyism. The sound of the hammer in the mansion of Sir Henry Mildmay, in Brook Street, may perhaps be regarded as the tocsin of the maccaronic revolution; but it was not till Phillips had displayed the diamond *solitaire* on his finger, by pointing out to contending Jew brokers the gold washing-bason of the Epicurus of May Fair, that the demi-gods of Whites' could be induced to believe that their kingdom would be taken from them. The staring announcement, in black and white, dotted over the face of the occult residence in Chapel Street, which even duns dared not approach in less than silk stockings, that the "HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE of the distinguished George Brummell, Esq., would be peremptorily sold at two o'clock!" was as the writing on the wall to the courtiers of the effeminate Belshazzar. "Household furniture!"—what a designation for the paraphernalia of

an Alcibiades, who disdained to curl his hair with tongs of any other than the precious metals. "An eight-day clock!"—what an insult to the reputation of a Lucullus, for whom the changes of time were betrayed only by the microscopic indications of one of Breguet's dial-plates, or the opening and shutting of the flowers in his *jardinière!*

About the same period, the records of the hammer preserve the memory of a sale, at least equivalent to the evidence produced on occasion of the Bagsterian or Baxterian commission; and "Sir Gregory Page Turner's collection of snuff-boxes, in three days' sale; comprising matchless specimens of the age of Louis XIV., in gold, silver, platina, onyx, agate, lava, mosaic, cornelian, mother of pearl, &c. &c. &c., selected at a cost of fifteen thousand pounds," plainly demonstrates the epoch when the mania for raw tobacco gave place to the modern refinement of an evaporation of the same—when snuff-taking went out, and smoking came in.

We will say nothing of so great an historical event as the dispersion, per hammer, of the Orleans' Gallery, one of the hardest strokes of the penultimate French revolution. But WANSTEAD! Were not the hearts of modern poets as hard as the granite columns of its lofty portico—what elegiac stanzas—what Bayleysian ballads—what Moore-ish ditties—would have been poured forth, like libations, upon its auctionic humiliation! There stood the ancient mansion of the Tylneys, like a vast skeleton of Portland stone; "its ancient *least* domestic furniture," piled in a few crowded saloons; its hollow echoes resounding to the emphatic strokes of the hammer instead of the silver music of harps, and timbrels, and light guitars; its Armidian gardens defiled by the chicken-bones of the citizens' wives, who came to "lunch" among the rose-trees, and mock the ruin of the prodigal; its fine avenues affording a bivouac to hack barouches and one-horse-chays! There needed no Apemantus to moralize on the scene, for the Timon of those tarnished glories had betaken himself, (not to the forest of Epping to dig for wild parsnips, but) to the gilded *salons* of Verg, the luxurious cabinets of Tortoni. Misanthropy is, in fact, too flighty a passion to be consistent with the tat-too of the hammer, and there can be no doubt, that had Phillips had the selling of Jaffier's lordly plate, the Venetian bankrupt would have found himself ruined in too gentlemanly a manner to have been tempted into moon-raking on the Rialto, or conspiracy against his doge-matical father in law.

The next great hegira of auctiondom leads us to the sale of Fonthill, on which a stream of ink was expended such as might have turned a corn-mill. Gargantua's mouth was borrowed, and the hands of Briareus hired, to acquaint the credulous of Great Britain, from the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Sky,—by word of mouth and word of pen,—that antiquarians and theologians had hitherto prated very idly concerning the whereabout of Eden; that the Alhambra had long existed (undreamed of by Washington Irving or Lockhart) in the heart of the county of Wilts; that Trianon had been purchased at the revolution, and smuggled over from Versailles; that Tusculum, like the *Santissima Casa* and St. Cuthbert's coffin, having a power of locomotion, had at length anchored itself on the outskirts of Salisbury

Plain. Bewildered by the eloquence of the rostrum, an epidemic of knick-knackomania pervaded the kingdom. Every attorney's wife began to talk about chalices, *paterœ*, and *vertù;* every tailor became as it were a Horace Walpole; to the very cobblers

Some demon whispered, Crispin! have a taste;

and for eighteen, instead of nine days, the fifth estate and the estate of Fonthill were the wonder of the kingdom of George IV.

We have always regarded Mr. Beckford as a man of modern times, born to prove the character of Diogenes no fable, and of Jaques no fiction. No human being ever played at toss-ball more philosophically with the golden and brazen opinions of all sorts of men. After building an epic poem with mortar and stone, and stringing together an eastern apologue with diamonds and pearls, whose brilliancy dazzled our eyes so as to conceal the medicinable gums contained in the handle of the mallet,—after instructing us by means of a lesson written like the verses of the Koran in Moorish palaces, among beautiful arabesques and enamelled devices,—after suffering us to cull from his garden, (like Aladdin in the story,) a single specimen of golden flowers and gem-like fruit, betraying that all the treasures of Giamschid were hoarded within, the necromancer closed up the aperture in our very faces; the genii of the lamp disdained our summons, and the slaves of the ring laughed us to scorn. The world, like Dominie Samson under the grasp of Meg Merrilies, *trembled* while it partook of his banquet of magic viands, but trembled and craved for more; all its aspirations were vain. Vathek shone forth a solitary ray; Fonthill was thrown to the howling public like a well-picked bone, no longer serviceable to its master; and Beckford lay PERDU, like Beatrice in her bower, mocking the world, and quaffing (in fairy mead) success to the fifth estate, and glory to the hammer of Phillips.

Of Watson Taylor and Erlstoke we have but little to say: all that the subject will admit of moral, was illustrated in Theodore Hook's incomparable tale of Danvers; and, when we hear of a sum of eighteen thousand pounds, given by a private and somewhat obscure individual for a mere ornament to his dinner table, and are unable to connect this act of prodigality with a single generous trait, (such as those which balance in private life the profusion of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Dudley,) we surrender the property of the defaulter to the fifth estate, without sympathy or sorrow. In the wantonness of vulgar wealth, Watson Taylor called the immortal Chantrey a stone-cutter! Verily he has his reward; and

Erlstoke may find a worthier lord than he!

It was our intention, on sitting down for the elucidation of this our favourite mystery, to trace the origin of auctions and auctioneers to the mystic altars of the Celtic forests, (where, in the worship of the heathen Thor, the omnipotence of the hammer first became apparent,) and to conclude with a political-economical inquiry into the average amount of property passing through the sieve of the Fifth Estate, between January and December. But ungraced, as we are, with the oratory of a Christie, or the eloquence of a Robins, we fear to

become tedious in our illustrations. We do not wish to be knocked down for an old song; or desired to be "Going, going, going," before it is our pleasure to be gone; and therefore choose to terminate these desultory observations, as modern critics conclude their own verbose and empty nothings, by a brief extract from the work under consideration. We offer the following fac-simile of one of George Robins's last without comment to our readers, as a specimen at once of the taste of the times and the diction of the Fifth Estate.

In Devon.—A singularly delightful Marine Residence, on the Banks of the famed River Dart, within sight of Dartmouth and Torbay, with its finely timbered Park and Grounds, and at least Three Miles of Plantation Walks on the Bank of this splendid River, tithe-free.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS has great pleasure in announcing to the Public in general (but he would especially direct his observations to

EAST INDIAN VALETUDINARIANS,

for manifest reasons, presently to be noticed) that he has been favoured by the instructions of the respected Proprietor of

GREENWAY MANSION

to offer, with the

EXTENSIVE DEMESNE CONNECTED WITH IT,

for SALE, by Public Competition, at the Auction Mart, London, on Thursday, August 2, at Twelve.

This Freehold Marine Residence, and the beauties of the

WOODLAND SCENERY WHICH ENTIRELY ENCOMPASS IT,

are familiar with the immediate vicinity, and the tourist who has sojourned here will not fail to have a lively recollection of some of its imposing features. To such he feels that no apology will be due for this endeavour to extend the publicity and great renown of

"GREENWAY FAMED BAY;"

nor will he be charged by those who have partaken of this great treat with having too highly coloured the landscape that is to follow: to do it justice, and yet avoid the charge of making the picture too vivid, is by no means an easy task; and, conscious of the feeble hand that has to portray many of the beauties of

THIS FAIRY LAND,

it may in truth be stated he approaches the task with almost fear and trembling. The mansion, in its outward form, is chaste and uniform, but it does not manifest without all the extraordinary comfort and good taste that prevails within. It is placed in a park of much natural beauty: its spreading foliage, and the delightful and rare inequality of the grounds, are protected by hills of fearful height on one side, while the other extends to the almost impervious woods and plantations which gently incline to the water's edge. It is apprehended there is no parallel case where the stately oak is seen feathering to the ground, and, as it reaches the shore, proudly defying the wintry winds or summer heat. The healthy appearance of the woods is a pretty strong symptom indicative of health and consequent longevity: and it may be added, that East Indians, and invalids disposed to pulmonary attacks, will find this abode a very great solace. The climate yields not in its influential powers to the South of France.

THE WOODLAND SCENERY

within this demesne extends itself in all directions, and is diversified by so much of hill and dale, aided by distant and mountain scenery, where the verdure is conspicuous to the mountain top, that it will not fail to remind the beholder of

THE BEAUTY AND WILDNESS OF SWITZERLAND;

while the River Dart, flowing in placid beauty, pursues its irregular and circuitous course, winds in so many varied forms about this

EARTHLY PARADISE.

Indeed, so perfect is the illusion, that it really puts on the appearance of enchantment rather than reality.

THE YACHT CLUB

would recreate amid this splendid scenery, and yet be ever and anon pursuing their aquatic amusements: and for

A GRAND REGATTA THE BAY OF GREENAWAY

affords the most irresistible claims. It may be added that for several miles the Dart, winding between the rocky bases, appears not a little emulous to compete with

DERWENTWATER LAKE.

It will not be an easy task to proclaim which hath the strongest claim to surpassing beauty.

THE FISHING EXTENDS ABOUT TWO MILES,

and there are boats and boat lodges connected with the estate.

THE PARK, GROUNDS, AND LANDS FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES EXCEED ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES.

Little has yet been offered in praise of the Mansion; since custom forbids a lengthened panegyric, it will suffice to say that a Nobleman, or retiring Banker or Merchant, will find within this abode of comfort every thing that the most fastidious can desire, with commensurate offices within and without:

EXTENSIVE WALLED GARDENS, CONSERVATORY, AND FLOWER GARDENS.

In fine, it would be to encounter a severe task to find out a comfort that is not conspicuous here.

Torbay is within sight, and salmon of 20lb. weight are frequently caught on this shore.

More descriptive particulars will be printed and ready for delivery twenty-eight days antecedently to the sale, when the Mansion and Park will be on view; but to prevent improper intrusion, and avoid the gratification of idle curiosity, it cannot be seen without tickets. They will be found at the Somerset Arms Hotel, Totness; (a very snug and comfortable inn on the bank of the river;) the principal Library at Exmouth, Teignmouth, Dawlish, and Sidmouth; the New London Inn, Exeter; and York House, Bath; of Mr. Warry, Solicitor, New Inn; at the Auction Mart; and at Mr. George Robins's offices, London, where a plan and drawing of Greenaway may be seen. Mr. Blackler, the bailiff, will show the estate to all those who are prepared with tickets to view.

On the Bank of the River Dart, in Devon.—The delightful Estate, familiar with the Tourist as Maisonnette, with its admired Grounds and Park Meadows, late the Property of Admiral Hicks.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS has great satisfaction in announcing to the Public generally, but more especially those who delight in the splendid scenery of

"THE PICTURESQUE RIVER DART,"

that he has been directed by the Proprietor of

"MAISONNETTE,"

(a residence and park grounds which have claimed not merely the attention but high panegyric of every tourist who has visited this enviable spot,) to offer it, with the little

DELIGHTFUL DOMAIN,

to unreserved competition, at the Auction Mart, London, on Thursday, August 1, at Twelve, in Two Lots. An attempt to describe

"THIS FAMED ABODE,"

is rendered more difficult from the single circumstance, that it has been the good fortune of Mr. Robins to be directed to offer for sale, on the same day, the renowned property,

"GREENWAY MANSION AND ESTATE,"

of which he has given an imperfect, although not a very short description in his announcement. It is a singular coincidence (and of which he may be well proud) that the

TWO FAVOURED PROPERTIES ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER DART

should be consigned to his humble exertions at the precise same time; and having stated the most prominent advantages connected with Greenaway, it might partake

of the work of supererogation to delineate those of Maisonnette; it would, beside, be any thing but an easy task, for every traveller has concurred in finding it difficult to state which hath the strongest claim to

PICTURESQUE BEAUTY.

Mr. Robins is, in consequence, inclined to hope a short analysis will be deeemed sufficient, merely alluding to peculiar qualities which especially belong to the one under consideration. It may be well to observe that

HIS MAJESTY THE KING,

when Duke of Clarence, and employed in cruising in the Channel, selected this spot for his occasional recreation, whenever the opportunity presented itself; to this may be added, that however splendid and varied the views are throughout the bank of this delightful river, Maisonnette commands even more diversified and distant beauties than any of its famed rivals, including the most cultivated and certainly the most luxuriant land in the county.

"THE LITTLE QUIET VILLAGE" OF DITCHAM IS AT HAND.

It would be the province of the talented Miss Mitford, and certainly not of the individual who has to portray the beauties of this

"LITTLE ELYSIUM,"

to do it moderate justice. An East Indian valetudinarian will find in this climate even more auxiliaries than in his accumulated wealth, the one being only secondary to the influential power of this climate. The neighbourhood is remarkable not less for its social qualities than the superiority of its neighbouring occupants.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET,

with a little host of Nobility, are within reach. It remains only to be observed that the Mansion, without being too large, is fully adequate to dispense every comfort that a family can in reason require. The grounds are ornamented with stately timber, and around this seat of comfort are little thousands of flowering shrubs diffusing their sweet perfume, and American plants feathering to the ground and to the very water's edge, seeming to defy a wintry wind or the summer's heat. To those who delight in gaiety and consequent dissipation, Teignmouth, Dawlish, and Torquay, will facilitate their wishes to their hearts' content. The domain is limited to twenty-four acres; fishing and every sort of rational amusement is within easy reach; and nothing appears wanting but a contented occupier, for the climate is so influential that health and longevity may be accounted auxiliaries to this romantic and highly-favoured retreat. It can be viewed by applying at the mansion.

Particulars, with a drawing of the house, may then be had at the Somerset Arms, Totness; (a snug hotel on the bank of the river Dart;) at the Libraries of the watering-places before alluded to; the New London Inn, Exeter; York House, Bath; of Thomas Kelly, Esq., Solicitor, Modbury, Devon; of William Harris, Esq., Solicitor, 5, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn; the Auction Mart; and at Mr. George Robins's offices, London.

BRITISH ARMY.

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

Conflicting opinions upon the subject of corporal punishments in the British army, seem to exist both in and out of parliament: let us candidly examine the arguments in favour of, and against military flogging, and endeavour to suggest measures by which the opponents and supporters of this disgusting system may be reconciled in its suppression, and a practice abolished which is extremely injurious to the reputation of the army. It is true that the British troops are composed of the lowest description of the population of the United Kingdom—almost destitute of moral and literary education—with strong propensities to the use of spirituous liquors, and it is therefore maintained that due subordination, and proper discipline, could not be preserved without coporal punishment. Indeed, it cannot be expected, when a man of immoral habits becomes a soldier, that he will immediately conform to the strict rules of military service, and abandon all at once his early acquired irregular propensities and vices: to reform the recruit, persuasive arguments and adequate incitements and rewards should be presented to his understanding, and personal punishment kept as far as possible out of his view—never be resorted to but in cases of absolute extremity, and then inflicted in the most private manner, as public exhibitions of this nature have a powerful tendency to degrade and injure the service, by destroying all honourable feeling in the individuals publicly punished, and operating in an extensive manner against the success of voluntary recruiting. But what adequate substitute have the advocates for the entire abolition of corporal punishment proposed? Nothing satisfactory; many of them know very little of military service, and only a few have commanded regiments, or had sufficient opportunities of observing how difficult it is to carry on the military duties of a corps in either camp or garrison, without being obliged to resort ultimately to the court-martial and the scourge. Look at any portion of society in the United Kingdom, composed exclusively of one thousand, or five hundred individuals, similar in rank and habits to our private soldiers, and say, would it be possible to prevent the commission of crime by admonition and regulation, without arming the civil magistrate with coercive authority? I think not, and I have had some experience during a period of nearly forty years, both as a magistrate and a soldier. But the military system of France is held up for our imitation. Let those who approve of the French practice, consider attentively the different composition of the army of the two nations. The French troops are formed by draughts from every class of society, and in a moral, civil, and literary point of view, are very respectable. The military profession is considered an honourable service, and even the private soldier treated with attention and respect. In every corps, one-third of the officers are promoted from the ranks, by which a powerful stimulus is given to good conduct and strict attention to duty in the lower ranks of the service; and the natural consequence is, that the non-commissioned officers in the French army are perhaps the most intelligent, the most orderly, and best behaved soldiers in Europe.

The non-commissioned officers being certain of acquiring military rank by the cultivation of professional knowledge, and the exertion of talents and courage give an animating example on all occasions to the private soldier. They are highly respected by their superior officers, and are entitled by regulation to be saluted by the private men of the corps by a respectful application of the hand to the cap. Here is another distinc-

tion which has its proper influence in the service, by elevating the non-commissioned officer, not only in his own estimation, but in the opinion of the private soldier and the population of his country; and the private soldier, far from feeling any desire to withhold this mark of respect, looks forward with eagerness and anxiety to a period when he will be entitled to the same honour, and to progressive preferment. These are probably some of the reasons which render corporal punishment unnecessary in the French army; but there is also something in the constitution of the people repugnant to public punishments, except for murder; and in their theatrical exhibitions, if crime is to be punished, the execution never takes place upon the stage. In France, where wine and brandy are plentiful and cheap, drunkenness is rarely observed; and should a French soldier commit an excess in a cabaret, or in his barracks, he is quietly taken to his bed, and nothing further is heard of his indiscretion. Now, I ask, would the French system of regimental promotion, or the laxity of discipline which is observable in that service, suit the policy of the British government, or the wayward disposition of the lower classes of the British people? And were corporal punishment entirely abolished, what could be substituted in its room? Certain degrees of solitary confinement, fairly proportioned to the nature of the offence, might, under judicious regulations, be attended with salutary effects; but, in order to do away with corporal punishments speedily and entirely, the soldiers of the British army must be raised not only in their own estimation, but in that of the public, and the profession of which they are members treated with a little more respect. Notwithstanding the glory which they have acquired by their bravery, steadiness, and success in a hundred battles against troops which had subdued almost every kingdom in Europe, except Great Britain, they are still considered as the lowest grade in society, and seldom distinguished by any other appellation than that of "*common soldiers.*" Nay, the officers of the British infantry, who are truly the pillars of the state, and superior in all respects to those of the same rank in all the armies of Europe, do not receive those attentions in society to which their merits and services give them so just a claim. The titled and wealthy inhabitants of Great Britain, whose privileges and property they have so long and so successfully protected, seldom condescend to invite them to their tables; and look upon a subaltern officer, unless he happens to have high connexions, as unfit company for themselves, their sons, or their daughters. When the general peace took place, which was obtained by the valour and discipline of a British army at Waterloo—and when thousands of meritorious officers were placed on half-pay—it would have been an acceptable boon to many of these officers to have had apartments allotted to them, under the usual regulations, in the numerous unoccupied barracks in the United Kingdom, which are now sinking into decay and ruin, for want of attention and occupation, and continue a dead weight upon the government, and productive of no good whatever except to the barrack-master and the architect; the latter profiting by the constant repairs required, and the former by a high per centage on their amount. A communication on this subject was made to the late Major-General Sir Henry Torrens; but the war was at an end, the officers who had combated in the East and West Indies, in America, in the Peninsula, in Holland, and at Waterloo, were thrown aside as useless lumber, and the trifling accommodation mentioned above either never thought of, or deemed too great a favour to men whose services were no longer required by government.

To those who are acquainted with the British service, it is well known that the good conduct and discipline of a regiment depend almost entirely upon the sound sense, prudence, and professional knowledge of the commanding officer. I have known a battalion, under the command of one

field-officer of judgment and experience, carry on the service without a court-martial or flogging; and I have seen the same corps, under the orders of another field-officer of irritable temper and less discretion, assembled two or three times a week to witness military punishments. The officer who is placed at the head of one thousand or five hundred men should be a man of good sense and experience; young men possessed of no other qualification than their money should never be appointed to the command of British regiments, as great duties attach to a station so important and responsible.

> "Youth is not the time for wise debates,
> On sacred wrinkles sage experience waits."

Let us now consider what previous measures it would be necessary to adopt before corporal punishment could be safely abolished in the British army. The system of promotion would require considerable alteration, and a better prospect must be held out to intelligent and meritorious non-commissioned officers of advancement in the service—personal distinction and political privilege have great influence upon the human mind, and should be very impartially conferred on valour, fidelity, and successful personal exertion. When Napoleon presented in front of the troops, after a battle, to an officer or soldier who had distinguished himself, a decoration—a sabre, or a musket of honour—the effect was astonishing, and every officer and soldier who witnessed this gratifying military ceremony resolved that in the next action he would endeavour to deserve and obtain a similar honour; and it may be relied on that this is the true method of transforming soldiers into an army of heroes. Were the British soldier thus stimulated, he would endeavour to acquire general and scientific knowledge. And, as we see the ranks of civil engineers in the British empire filled up by studious and laborious working mechanics, several of whom have filled distinguished situations, and conferred high honour and essential benefits upon their country, let the proper and appropriate incentive be presented to the ardent eye of the British soldier, and he will confidently, gallantly, and fearlessly seek promotion and distinction in the cannon's mouth. To these powerful stimulants, the elective franchise should be added, so as that all non-commissioned officers, who had served fourteen years in the army, without incurring the sentence of a court-martial, and who had received an honourable discharge from their commanding officers, shall, after six months' residence in any city or borough in the United Kingdom, (to be proved by their registry,) be entitled to vote for members to serve in parliament for every such city and borough. In order to elevate the faithful and intrepid defender of his country in his own estimation, as well as in that of society, the municipal ticket should state the honourable consideration which obtained for him the high privilege of the elective franchise. So much for personal distinction and political freedom; but something more might be added, without incurring any considerable expense. The present pay of non-commissioned officers and soldiers is very ample, more than they can spend in quarters; and if a small stoppage were to take place, to which government might contribute an additional penny per day, and the money placed in a fund, and re-issued to such non-commissioned officers and soldiers as had served for seven years without censure or punishment, such an additional motive to good conduct might be attended with the best effects, contribute to render the service more respectable, and essentially conduce to the abolition of corporal punishments.

The present system of recruiting is one of the main causes of the irregularity of British soldiers in quarters; in short, so long as recruits are raised by voluntary enlistment, where nothing is required but the certificate of the medical officer, previous conduct, and moral character never

entering into consideration, is it to be expected that established habits of intemperance can be speedily changed, and proper order and subordination established without corporal punishment? At the same time, I am persuaded that publicly flogging a soldier of the least sensibility is attended with the worst consequences, and produces amongst the better behaved men of his corps feelings towards him, which in higher society are entertained by persons who have witnessed personal chastisement inflicted upon one of their own grade.

Were voluntary enlistment abolished, and the supply of men for the regular regiments drawn from the militia of the United Kingdom,* an immediate improvement would take place in the character of the service. The measure could be easily carried into execution, having been adopted during the last war, and attended with the most complete success. To such a proposition, the colonels of militia regiments can have no well founded objection; and a reformed House of Commons will doubtless see that it is the natural way of maintaining the public force in perfect efficiency, without the expense of the present extensive recruiting establishment. The reserve companies of corps now retained at their depots, are in a manner useless, and ought to be ordered to join their respective regiments; and no depot kept but one at Chatham, where all recruits should be sent, and properly drilled, before they are ordered to join their corps on service.

These suggestions are offered to the consideration of government by a zealous friend to the honour and best interests of the army, whose experience convinces him that if some such measures as he has recommended be adopted, the British service will be greatly improved, and corporal punishments in a short time be rendered entirely unnecessary.

Nov. 1832. W. A.

* Would not this be tantamount to the French conscription? We acknowledge that the saving of much money would be effected.—Ed.

SONNET,

ON SEEING LADY ———— DRAW.

I see thee, lady, with dark, lustrous eye,
And head, and form, most gracefully inclin'd
O'er that fair space, where shadowy lines arise
Beneath thy hand—fair servant to thy mind.
Yet *thou* designest not. Thy fingers stray,
And lure a thousand Cupid imps between—
Who kiss, and press, and pleas'd around them play,
These are the traces where their steps have been
So magically light; on morning dew
The sun in spring ne'er softer splendours threw.

PETER SIMPLE.[1]

The ship remained in Gibraltar bay about three weeks, during which time we had refitted the rigging fore and aft, re-stowed and cleaned the hold, and painted outside. She never looked more beautiful than she did, when in obedience to our orders we made sail to join the admiral. We past Europa Point with a fair wind, and at sunset we were sixty miles from the rock, yet it was distinctly to be seen, like a blue cloud, but the outline perfectly correct. I mention this, as perhaps my reader would not have believed that it was possible to see land at such a distance. We steered for Cape de Gatte, and the next day were close in shore. I was very much delighted with the Spanish coast, mountain upon mountain, hill upon hill, covered with vines nearly to their summits. We might have gone on shore at some places, for at that time we were friendly with the Spaniards, but the captain was in too great a hurry to join the admiral. We had very light winds, and a day or two afterwards we were off Valencia, nearly becalmed. I was on the gangway, looking through a telescope at the houses and gardens round the city, when Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, came up to me. "Mr. Simple, oblige me with that glass a moment, I wish to see if a building still remains there, which I have some reason to remember."

"What, where you ever on shore there?" said I.

"Yes I was, Mr. Simple, and nearly *stranded*, but I got off again without much damage."

"How do you mean,—were you wrecked, then?"

"Not my ship, Mr. Simple, but my peace of mind was for some time; but it's many years ago, when I was first made boatswain of a corvette; (during this conversation he was looking through the telescope;) yes, there it is," said he, "I have it in the field. Look, Mr. Simple, do you see a small church, with a spire of glazed tiles, shining like a needle."

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then, just above it, a little to the right, there is a long white house, with four small windows—below the grove of orange trees."

"I see it," replied I; "but what about that house, Mr. Chucks?"

"Why, thereby hangs a tale," replied he, giving a sigh, which raised and then lowered the frill of his shirt at least six inches.

"Why, what is the mystery, Mr. Chucks?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Simple. With one who lived in that house, I was for the first, and for the last time, in love."

"Indeed! I should like very much to hear the story."

"So you shall, Mr. Simple, but I must beg that you will not mention it, as young gentlemen are apt to quiz; and I think that being quizzed hurts my authority with the men. It is now about sixteen years back, we were then on good terms with the Spaniards, as we are

[1] Continued from p. 408, vol. v.

now. I was then little more than thirty years old, and had just received my warrant as boatswain. I was considered a well-looking young man at that time, although lately I have, to a certain degree, got the better of that."

"Well, I consider you a remarkably good-looking man now, Mr. Chucks."

"Thank you, Mr. Simple; but nothing improves by age that I know of, except rum. I used to dress very smart, and 'cut the boatswain' when I was on shore; and perhaps I had not lost so much of the polish I had picked up in good society. One evening I was walking in the Plaza, when I saw a female a-head, who appeared to be the prettiest moulded little vessel that I ever cast my eyes on. I followed in her wake, and examined her; such a clean run I never beheld—so neat, too, in all her rigging—every thing so nicely stowed under hatches. And then she sailed along in such a style, at one moment lifting so lightly, just like a frigate, with her topsails on the caps, that can't help going along. At another time, as she turned a corner sharp up in the wind—wake as straight as an arrow—no leeway. I made all sail to sheer along side of her, and when under her quarter, examined her close. Never saw such a fine swell in the counter, and all so trim—no ropes towing overboard. Well, Mr. Simple, I said to myself, 'D—n it, if her figure-head and bows be finished off by the same builder, she's perfect.' So I shot a-head, and yawed a little—caught a peep at her through her veil, and saw two black eyes—as bright as beads, and as large as damsons. I saw quite enough, and not wishing to frighten her, I dropped astern. Shortly afterwards she altered her course, steering for that white house. Just as she was abreast of it, and I playing about her weather quarter, the priests came by in procession, taking the *host* to somebody who was dying. My little frigate lowered her topgallant sails out of respect, as other nations used to do, and ought now, and be d—d to them, whenever they pass the flag of old England ——"

"How do you mean?" inquired I.

"I mean that she spread her white handkerchief, which fluttered in her hand as she went along, and knelt down upon it on one knee. I did the same, because I was obliged to heave to, to keep my station, and I thought that if she saw me, it would please her. When she got up, I was on my legs also; but in my hurry, I had not chosen a very clean place, and I found out, when I got up again, that my white jean trowsers were in a shocking mess. The young lady turned round, and seeing my misfortune laughed, and then went into the white house, while I stood there like a fool, first looking at the door of the house, and then at my trowsers. However, I thought that I might make it the means of being acquainted with her, so I went to the door and knocked. An old gentleman in a large cloak, who was her father, came out; I pointed to my trowsers, and requested him in Spanish to allow me a little water to clean them. The daughter then came from within, and told her father how the accident had happened. The old gentleman was surprised that an English officer was so good a Christian, and appeared to be pleased. He asked me very politely to come in, and sent an old woman for some water. I observed that he was

smoking a bit of paper, and having very fortunately about a couple of dozen of real Havannahs in my pocket, (for I never smoke any thing else, Mr. Simple, it being my opinion that no gentleman can,) I took them out, and begged his acceptance of them. His eyes glistened at the sight of them, but he refused to take more than one; however, I insisted upon his taking the whole bundle, telling him that I had plenty more on board, reserving one for myself, that I might smoke it with him. He then requested me to sit down, and the old woman brought some sour wine, which I declared was very good, although it made me quite ill afterwards. He inquired of me whether I was a good Christian. I replied that I was. I knew that he meant a Catholic, for they call us heretics, Mr. Simple. The daughter then came in without her veil, and she was perfection; but I did not look at her, or pay her any attention after the first salutation, I was so afraid of making the old gentleman suspicious. He then asked what I was —what sort of officer—was I captain. I replied that I was not. Was I 'tenente, which means lieutenant; I answered that I was not, again, but with an air of contempt, as if I was something better. What was I then. I did not know the Spanish for boatswain, and, to tell the truth, I was ashamed of my condition. I knew that there was an officer in Spain called corregidor, which means a corrector in English, or one who punishes. Now I thought that quite near enough for my purpose, and I replied that I was the corregidor. Now, Mr. Simple, a corregidor in Spain is a person of rank and consequence, so they imagined that I must be the same, and they appeared to be pleased. The young lady then inquired if I was of good family, whether I was a gentleman or not. I replied that I hoped so. I remained with them for half an hour more, when my segar was finished; I then rose, and thanking the old gentleman for his civility, begged that I might be allowed to bring him a few more segars, and took my leave. The daughter opened the street door, and I could not refrain from taking her hand, and kissing it ——"

"Where's Mr. Chucks? call the boatswain there forward," hollaed out the first lieutenant.

"Here I am, sir," replied Mr. Chucks, hastening aft, and leaving me and his story.

"The captain of the maintop reports the breast backstay much chafed in the serving. Go up and examine it," said the first lieutenant.

"Yes, sir," replied the boatswin, who immediately went up the rigging.

"And, Mr. Simple, attend to the men scraping the spots off the quarter-deck."

"Yes, sir," replied I; and thus our conversation was broken up.

The weather changed that night, and we had a succession of rain and baffling winds for six or seven days, during which I had no opportunity of hearing the remainder of the boatswain's history. We joined the fleet off Toulon, closed the admiral's ship, and the captain went on board to pay his respects. When he returned, we found out through the first lieutenant, that we were to remain with the fleet until the arrival of another frigate, expected in about a fortnight, and

then the admiral had promised that we should have a cruize. The second day after we had joined, we were ordered to form part of the in-shore squadron, consisting of two line-of-battle ships and four frigates. The French fleet used to come out and manœuvre within range of their batteries, or if they proceeded further from the shore, they took good care that they had a leading wind to return again into port. We had been in shore about a week, every day running close in, and counting the French fleet in the harbour, to see that they were all safe, and reporting it to the admiral by signal, when one fine morning, the whole of the French vessels were perceived to hoist their topsails, and in less than an hour they were under weigh, and came out of the harbour. We were always prepared for action, night and day, and indeed often exhanged a shot or two with the batteries when we reconnoitered; the in-shore squadron could not of course cope with the whole French fleet, and our own was about twelve miles in the offing, but the captain of the line-of-battle ship who commanded us, hove to, as if in defiance, hoping to entice them further out. This was not very easy to do, as the French knew that a shift of wind might put it out of their power to refuse an action, which was what they would avoid, and what we were so anxious to bring about. I say we, speaking of the English, not of myself, for to tell the truth, I was not so very anxious. I was not exactly afraid, but I had an unpleasant sensation at the noise of a cannon ball, which I had not as yet got over. However, four of the French frigates made sail towards us, and hove to, when within four miles, three or four line-of-battle ships following them, as if to support them. Our captain made signal for permission to close the enemy, which was granted, with our pennants, and those of another frigate. We immediately made all sail, beat to quarters, put out the fires, and opened the magazines. The French line-of-battle ships perceiving that only two of our frigates were sent against their four, hove to at about the same distance from their frigates, as our line-of-battle ships and other frigates were from us. In the mean time our main fleet continued to work in shore under a press of sail, and the French main fleet also gradually approached the detached ships. The whole scene reminded me of the tournaments I had read of; it was a challenge in the lists, only that the enemy were two to one; a fair acknowledgement on their parts of our superiority. In about an hour we closed so near, that the French frigates made sail and commenced firing. We reserved our fire until within a quarter of a mile, when we poured our broadside into the headmost frigate, exchanging with her on opposite tacks. The Sea-horse, who followed us, also gave her a broadside. In this way we exchanged broadsides with the whole four, and we had the best of it, for they could not load so fast as we could. We were both ready again for the frigates as they passed us, but they were not ready with their broadside for the Sea-horse, who followed us very closely, so that they had two broadsides each, and we had only four in the Diomede, the Sea-horse not having one. Our rigging was cut up a great deal, and we had six or seven men wounded, but none killed. The French frigates suffered more, and their admiral perceiving that they were cut up a good deal, made the signal of re-

call. In the mean time we had both tacked, and were ranging up on the weather quarter of the sternmost frigate; the line-of-battle ships perceiving this, ran down with the wind, two points free, to support their frigates, and our in-shore squadron made all sail to support us, nearly laying up for where we were. But the wind was what is called at sea a soldier's wind, that is, blowing so that the ships could lie either way, so as to run out or into the harbour, and the French frigates, in obedience to their orders, made sail for their fleet in shore, the line-of-battle ships coming out to support them. But our captain would not give it up, although we all continued to near the French line-of-battle ships every minute—we ran in with the frigates, exchanging broadsides with them as fast as we could. One of them lost her fore topmast, and dropped astern, and we hoped to cut her off, but the others shortened sail to support her. This continued for about twenty minutes, when the French line-of-battle ships were not more than a mile from us, and our own commodore had made the signal of our recall, for he thought that we should be overpowered and taken. But the Sea-horse, who saw the recall up, did not repeat it, and our captain was determined not to see it, and ordered the signal man not to look that way. The action continued, two of the French frigates were cut to pieces, and complete wrecks, when the French line-of-battle ships commenced firing. It was then high time to be off. We each of us poured in another broadside, and then wore round for our own squadron, which were about four miles off, and rather to leeward, standing in to our assistance. As we wore round, our main topmast, which had been badly wounded, fell over the side, and the French perceiving this, made all sail, with the hope of capturing us; but the Sea-horse remained with us, and we threw up in the wind, and raked them until they were within two cables' lengths of us. Then we stood on for our own ships; at last one of the line-of-battle ships, who sailed as well as the frigates, came abreast of us, and poured in a broadside, which brought every thing about our ears, and I thought we must be taken; but on the contrary, although we lost several men, the captain said to the first lieutenant, "Now if they only wait a little longer, they are nabbed, as sure as fate." Just at this moment, our own line-of-battle ships opened their fire, and then the tables were turned. The French tacked, and stood in as fast as they could, followed by the in-shore squadron, with the exception of our ship, which was too much crippled to chase them. One of their frigates had taken in tow the other, who had lost her topmast, and our squadron came up with her very fast. The English fleet were also within three miles, standing in, and the French fleet standing out, to the assistance of the other ships which had been engaged. I thought, and so did every body, that there would be a general action, but we were disappointed; the frigate which towed the other, finding that she could not escape, cast her off, and left her to her fate, which was to haul down her colours to the commodore of the in-shore squadron. The chase was continued until the whole of the French vessels were close under their batteries, and then our fleet returned to its station with the prize, which proved to be the Narcisse, of thirty-six guns, Captain Le Pelleteon. Our captain obtained a great deal

of credit for his gallant behaviour. We had three men killed, and Robinson, the midshipman, and ten men wounded, some of them severely. I think this action cured me of my fear of a cannon ball, for during the few days we remained with the fleet, we often were fired at when we reconnoitred, but I did not care any thing for them. About the time she was expected, the frigate joined, and we had permission to part company. But before I proceed with the history of our cruize, I shall mention the circumstances attending a court martial, which took place during the time that we were with the fleet, our captain having been recalled from the in-shore squadron to sit as one of the members. I was the midshipman appointed to the captain's gig, and remained on board of the admiral's ship during the whole of the time that the court was sitting. Two seamen, one an Englishman, and the other a Frenchman, were tried for desertion from one of our frigates. They had left their ship about three months, when the frigate captured a French privateer, and found them on board as part of her crew. For the Englishman, of course, there was no defence; he merited the punishment of death, to which he was immediately sentenced. There may be some excuse for desertion, when we consider that the seamen are taken into the service by force, but there could be none for fighting against his country. But the case of the Frenchman was different. He was born and bred in France, had been one of the crew of the French gun-boats at Cadiz, where he had been made a prisoner by the Spaniards, and expecting his throat to be cut every day, had contrived to escape on board of the frigate lying in the harbour, and entered into our service, I really believe to save his life. He was nearly two years in the frigate before he could find an opportunity of deserting from her, and returning to France, when he joined the French privateer. During the time that he was in the frigate, he bore an excellent character. The greatest point against him was, that on his arrival at Gibraltar he had been offered, and had received the bounty. When the Englishman was asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied, that he had been pressed out of an American ship, that he was an American born, and that he had never taken the bounty. But this was not true. The defence of the Frenchman was considered so very good for a person in his station in life, that I obtained a copy of it, which ran as follows:—

"Mr. President, and Officers of the Honourable Court;—It is with the greatest humility that I venture to address you. I shall be very brief, nor shall I attempt to disprove the charges which have been made against me, but confine myself to a few facts, the consideration of which will, I trust, operate upon your feelings in mitigation of the punishment to which I may be sentenced for my fault—a fault which proceeded, not from any evil motive, but from an ardent love for my country. I am by birth a Frenchman; my life has been spent in the service of France until a few months after the revolution in Spain, when I, together with those who composed the French squadron at Cadiz, was made a prisoner. The hardships and cruel usage which I endured became insupportable. I effected my escape, and after wandering about the town for two or three days, in hourly expectation of

being assassinated, the fate of too many of my unfortunate countrymen; desperate from famine, and perceiving no other chance of escaping from the town, I was reduced to the necessity of offering myself as a volunteer on board of an English frigate. I dared not, as I ought to have done, acknowledge myself to have been a prisoner, from a dread of being delivered up to the Spaniards. During the period that I served on board of your frigate, I confidently rely upon the captain and the officers for my character.

"The love of our country, although dormant for a time, will ultimately be roused, and peculiar circumstances occurred which rendered the feeling irresistible. I returned to my duty, and for having so done, am I to be debarred from again returning to that country so dear to me—from again beholding my aged parents, who bless me in my absence—from again embracing my brothers and sisters—to end my days upon a scaffold; not for the crime which I did commit in entering into your service, but for an act of duty and repentance—that of returning to my own. Allow me to observe, that the charge against me is not for entering your service, but for having deserted from it. For the former, not even my misery can be brought forward but in extenuation; for the latter, I have a proud consciousness, which will, I trust, be my support in my extremity.

"Gentlemen, I earnestly entreat you to consider my situation, and I am sure that your generous hearts will pity me. Let that love of your country, which now animates your breasts, and induces you to risk your lives and your all, now plead for me. Already has British humanity saved thousands of my countrymen from the rage of the Spaniards; let that same humanity be extended now, and induce my judges to add one more to the list of those who, although our nations are at war, if they are endowed with feeling, can have but one sentiment towards their generous enemy—a sentiment overpowering all other, that of a deep-felt gratitude."*

Whatever may have been the effect of the address upon the court individually, it appeared at the time to have none upon them as a body. Both the men were condemned to death, and the day after the morrow was fixed for their execution. I watched the two prisoners as they went down the side, to be conducted on board of their own ship. The Englishman threw himself down in the stern sheets of the boat, every minor consideration apparently swallowed up in the thought of his approaching end; but the Frenchman, before he sat down, observing that the seat was a little dirty, took out his silk handkerchief, and spread it on the seat, that he might not soil his nankeen trowsers.

I was ordered to attend the punishment on the day appointed. The sun shone so brightly and the sky was so clear, the wind so gentle and mild, that it appeared hardly possible that it was to be a day of such awe and misery to the two poor men, or of such melancholy to the fleet in general. I pulled up my boat with the others belonging to the ships of the fleet, in obedience to the orders of the officer superintending, close to the fore-chains of the ship. In about half an hour afterwards, the prisoners made their appearance on the scaffold,

* This is fact.—Editor.

the caps were pulled over their eyes, and the gun fired underneath them. When the smoke rolled away, the Englishman was swinging at the yard-arm, but the Frenchman was not; he had made a spring when the gun fired, hoping to break his neck at once, and put an end to his misery; but he fell on the edge of the scaffold, where he lay. We thought that his rope had given way, and it appeared that he did the same, for he made an inquiry, but they returned him no answer. He was kept on the scaffold during the whole hour that the Englishman remained suspended; his cap had been removed, and he looked occasionally at his fellow-sufferer. When the body was lowered down, he considered that his time was come, and attempted to leap overboard. He was restrained and led aft, where his reprieve was read to him, and his arms were unbound. But the effect of the shock was too much for his mind; he fell down in a swoon, and when he recovered his senses had left him, and I heard that he never recovered them, but was sent home to be confined as a maniac. I thought, and the result proved, that it was carried too far. It is not the custom, when a man is reprieved, to tell him so until after he is on the scaffold, with the intention that his awful situation at the time may make a lasting impression upon him during the remainder of his life; but, as a foreigner, he was not aware of our customs, and the hour of intense feeling which he underwent was too much for his reason. I must say that this circumstance was always a source of deep regret in the whole fleet, and that his being a Frenchman, instead of an Englishman, increased the feeling of commiseration.

SONNET.

THINK!—I have thought till thought has been my bane,
For I have wandered in that labyrinth wide
Till I have lost all clue, though still I tried
With my best skill the path of truth to gain,
And for that my deep searchings were in vain.
For that same doubt, which I could not repel,
Nor solve—resistless o'er my spirit fell.
Say, am I doomed in death—to deathless pain?—
Then happy thrice, thrice happy he, whose mind
Ne'er from the dust he treads on seeks to rise,
Though I might deem him of inferior kind
To the poor earth-worm, for he will be blind.
Who gazes on the world with heedless eyes,
Lives uninstructed, unenlightened dies.

M. W.

The author of these lines lived to find all his doubts removed, and after a protracted and painful illness expired in that pious confidence which alone could have reconciled his family to his premature dissolution.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

REPORTING, EDITING, SPECULATING, AND PROPRIETORSHIPS.

" Hear, land o' cakes, from John o' Groats,
If there's a hole in aw your coats,
I rede you tent it,
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

THE learned Bayle, in his preface of 1684, lays it down, that he is not a critic, but a reporter. If we are to accept this estimate of his pretensions, we must certainly acknowledge that he was the most glorious luminary that the reporting fraternity has ever possessed, or can ever hope to boast of. In point of integrity, the reporters have very little to plume themselves upon, in the Leviathan or Caliban, as he has been sometimes called, of English literature; and if Erasmus were termed " the glory of the priesthood and the shame," Dr. Johnson may, with equal justice, be styled, the glory and shame of the reporting profession. The doctor's declaration, that, in reporting the debates in parliament, " he always took care that the Whig rascals should not have the best of the argument," is at once a proof of the then prostituted state of the press, and of the meanness and dishonesty which could be imparted to a great mind, by those degrading prejudices with which the nature of this eminent man was so unhappily saturated. His reports have little of the colloquial style, or impress of actual speaking. They bear all the features of deliberate study at the desk, and are strongly stamped with the unequivocal characteristics of the Johnsonian composition. Lord Lyttelton, Sir John St. Aubin, Mr. Pulteney, Lord Chatham, Walpole, and the great luminaries of that extraordinary era, always appear in latinized pomposity, and under the ample folds of the toga. Even the celebrated reproof of Lord Chatham to Horace Walpole, which has been so justly eulogized, and will last as long as our language, was reported by the doctor with his usual peculiarities of style and cadence. Johnson's women, in his works of imagination, speak very academically; and Goldsmith very justly told him that he could not write the dialogue between the fishes, for he would make the sprats and minnows all talk like great whales. In a similar manner he has made all his parliamentary orators talk like whales and sharks, giving the character of the former to his friends, and of the latter to his foes.

Parliamentary reporting is now as perfect as it can be, under the present condition of the press, and the faults found with it by noble lords and honourable commoners, are either groundless or attributable to themselves. The members cling to their Gothic prejudices to the very last, and still strive to invest the business of reporting with some of the disgrace, and very much of the inconveniences of stealth and illegality. It is but recently that reporters dared to show a note book or implement of writing in the House of Lords. They were obliged to conceal what they were about, by hiding their writing apparatus below the bar, and behind the screen or curtain; and if the edge of the white paper should, by chance or accident, appear above the crimson barrier, there immediately stalked forth the yeoman usher of the black rod, or some deadly myrmidon, to order the delinquent immediately to cease from violating the standing order of the House—the hallowed privilege of parliament—secrecy. Lord Eldon was once the champion of this standing order, yet when, the golden rule of the good old times was departed from, and the reporters

were cabined, cribbed, and confined like pigs in a stye, if, in the jostling of elbows a note book should fall over the bar, or sacred precinct, we have seen his lordship come from his seat on the opposition bench, and pick up the stray volume and politely present it to the owner. Let the Lords immediately double or even quadruple the accommodation which they afford to the press, and let the new Speaker of the ensuing parliament—the constitutional House of Commons—give them a compartment in the side gallery, or the front of the gallery, in which they are now accommodated, or rather not accommodated, and all reasonable complaint against the corps will cease.

When the present member for Middlesex, Mr. Hume, brought the reporter of the "Times" to the bar of the House for misrepresenting his speech, the reporter firmly and manfully defended himself upon two grounds:—firstly, that the speech was not misrepresented, but reported accurately and fairly in letter and spirit; and, secondly, that inaccuracies by no means implied delinquency or even negligence; for, added the accused, "the members who sit immediately round the table, or who are contiguous to each other, so repeatedly misunderstand what is said, that not a night passes without very many of them rising to explain; is it therefore surprising that a sentence of a speech should be misunderstood by a reporter who is placed at the very utmost point of distance from the speaker, and under every possible disadvantage of seeing or hearing?" The argument was irresistible; and Sir Francis Burdett, with his usual independence and manliness of character, rose, and insisted that the report was accurate, and that the honourable member had uttered precisely the words attributed to him. "*Solventur risu tabulæ; tu missus abibis.*" But there might have been very little of the *risu* to the honest and innocent reporter, for the *missus* cost him 25*l.* in fees paid to the officers of the house during his very brief custody. These extortions are of a more disgraceful character than any now practised in this country: they are more particularly disgraceful as coming from persons attached to one of the legislative bodies of the empire, that should seem above such practices in all which related to it. Mr. Walter, in the present instance, with a liberality which has always characterised him, sent the reporter a check for 50*l.*

When the Earl of Limerick, in the session before the last, brought the printer of the "Times" before the House of Lords, the expenses of the short and foolish job cost the "Times" about 50*l.* The confinement in such cases is ridiculous in every thing except the enormous expense. The printer, in the present instance, was taken from the bar to a coffee-house, where he sat the knight of a round table, regaling his friends and the officers of the House with a sumptuous dinner and copious libations, after which he took his walk, "as was his custom, in the afternoon." When honest Jack Fuller, the member for Sussex, was confined by the vote of the House for insulting the Speaker, he seemed to conceive that he was going to be manacled and locked up in some cell disproportioned perhaps to the large and magnificent scale of his person. To his surprise, he was allowed to send for his old housekeeper, whose mind was equally full of the fears of a more criminal and less aristocratic species of "durance vile." The old woman, on seeing her master, burst into tears. "Don't be blubbering there, you foolish old woman, but go home and bring me a bottle of rum," roared honest Jack; and the servant was about to depart in joyful surprise that imprisonment could be made so gentlemanly and respectable; but the officers of the House assured their prisoner that he might have rum and all things that he wanted, by paying for them at a prisoner's price. "I was to have had a dinner party of twelve or fourteen people to-morrow," said honest Jack. "You can have your dinner party here, sir, if you please," was the reply of the

officer. "Zounds, can I?" cried the county member, his eyes dilating with surprise and delight; "then I don't care a d——n for the little man in the big wig, or for his warrants and imprisonment."

Complaints by members against reporters or the press, always increase the real or imaginary grievance. The Earl of Limerick, in bringing Mr. Lawson, the printer of the "Times," before the House of Lords, "got nothing by his motion," except a corroboration of the accuracy of the reporter in setting down the precise words which the noble Earl had used and forgotten. When Mr. George Dawson, the member for Harwich, complained of a report of his speech in the "Times," that paper justified its report, and application was made by the reporter to Mr. O'Connell, and to the other members who were close, even to contact, with Mr. Dawson, when he made his speech. They all declared, with the exception of Mr. Shiel, who was further off than the rest, that the report was *verbatim et literatim* what the honourable member had uttered. In point of fact, men in the excitement of a debate are led away to speak, what they are themselves surprised at in their cooler moments. This very frequently happens when speeches are made after a certain hour at night. When Colonel Sibthorp tried with might and main to bring the printer of the "Times" to the bar of the Commons for a false report of his most eloquent and erudite speech—the most perfect specimen or *chef d'œuvre* of a calm, cautious statesman, and consummate orator—Lord Althorp assured the House that the report was accurate, except in a little exaggeration of the laughter with which the gallant member's oratorical effusion, at that hour of the night, had been received. "The laughter," said Lord Althorp, "was certainly exaggerated, but NOT much exaggerated." A member immediately at Lord Althorp's shoulder then rose, and declared that the report was a "*verbatim et literatim* statement of the gallant colonel's words, and that he had never read a more accurate report in his life." The "Times," for some reason or other, sadly mismanaged its defence, and lost the high vantage ground which these speeches gave it. It left out the particle NOT, and converted Lord Althorp's negation in its favour, into a sentence affirmative and positive, to its prejudice. The NOT was honestly inserted in the "Morning Chronicle" and in the evening papers. The "Herald" cut the subject altogether. If my recollection do not fail, the "Times" likewise left out the member's declaration that the report was *verbatim et literatim*, and as accurate a report as he had ever read. It is not often that a newspaper is so magnanimous as to throw away a triumph. This attack on the press was, however, the most unfortunate of any in recent times—at least to an assailant. The gallant colonel refused to listen to Lord Althorp's advice to withdraw his motion, because his lordship had rested his advice upon a basis which involved his (the colonel's) veracity, and consequently his personal honour. The motion was pressed to a division, as a test, and lost by a sad disproportion of votes. Thus ended this foolish affair. The "Times" omitted this strong fact.

The subject of reporting is, in every respect, of such great importance at the present crisis, the eve of a general election and of a new parliament, that we shall pursue it to a close, and then proceed to an analysis of other branches of the press, in which we shall be able to develope some extraordinary matter, that will probably surprise the public.

The errors of reporting seldom arise from any bad motives, at least in the reporters. We must except, however, many cases in which strong national prejudice and violent feelings influence Irish reporters for, or against Irish members, or upon Irish subjects. The reporters, moreover, like all *parvenus*, are aristocrats in disposition, and Tories in politics, although the triumph of reform, and of the Whigs, has occasioned very numerous instances of the most ludicrously dishonourable and vulgar

ratting of sentiment among them. There is always a bias against radical members, as vulgar, illiterate men, who have no right to command our respect, because they are "no higher than ourselves."

We recollect some ludicrous errors of the reporting departments of newspapers.

On one occasion, the Attorney-General, Sir Charles Wetherell, made one of the most furious and eccentric, of all his very furious and very eccentric tirades. It was directed like an unmasked battery of rockets or shrapnells against Mr. Littleton, the member for Staffordshire. Every body knows that Sir Charles contemns the study of costume, and that Mr. Littleton is one of the best drest and the best looking men in the House of Commons. Sir Charles, throughout his furious philippic, attacked Mr. L—— as a country gentlemen—a term of distinction in the time of Sir Robert Walpole—but instead of the term, country gentleman, he invariably called him "the *rustic* gentleman." Mr. Littleton evinced great annoyance at the incessant repetition, or reproach as it was meant, of the *rustic* gentleman. His annoyance was by no means decreased next morning, at finding that an ignorant reporter of a morning paper of great circulation, had throughout all the endless reiterations, set him down, not as the *rustic*, but as the *rusty* gentleman—"Rusty gentleman," quoth the Examiner; "and this from the attorney-general!—Reader, have you ever seen the attorney-general?"

We recollect Sir Isaac Coffin repairing to a newspaper office, in a great fury, with a newspaper crumpled up in the grasp of one hand, whilst a terrific oaken cudgel was brandished in the other. "Where is the editor? I want to see the editor—I insist upon seeing the editor immediately!" said the gallant man of war and wave. It happened that a reporter was present who very well knew the gallant admiral, and understood how to appease his angry moods. After several parries of his rage, and some soothing compliments dexterously applied, the reporter, with an air of *bon-homie*, asked, "But, my dear Sir Isaac, what *is* really the matter?" "Matter, sir, matter!" answered the incensed admiral, "sir, directly I entered the United Service Club this morning, one friend cried out, 'Sir Isaac, what have you done with your voice?' Then another cried, 'How is your voice, Sir Isaac?' A third exclaimed, 'Have you got a cold, Sir Isaac?' I flew to the Naval Club, where again one friend saluted me with, 'How are your lungs, Sir Isaac?' Another called across the table, 'Why, Sir Isaac, you *used* to have a good pair of lungs of your own, how is it, Sir Isaac?' I can stand a joke, sir," (continued the admiral,) "as well as any man in England, but hang me if I stand this any longer. Sir, I tell you that I was never more wind and weather tight in my hull than at this moment, and d——n me if I couldn't hail the main-top in any hurricane that ever blew—and look here, sir, look at this," saying which, he spread open that morning's copy of the paper, in which we read, in the Parliamentary Debates, that "Sir Isaac Coffin addressed a few observations to the House, *which were totally inaudible in the gallery.*" It was not difficult to pacify the gallant admiral, by assuring him that the mistake could never occur again to a member whose voice equalled that of Braham's in melody, and a speaking trumpet in power. A few more very ludicrous scenes took place with the gallant admiral and the press, and whoever remembers the immense figure and resolute bearing of this son of Mars, must feel that it was almost as pleasant to face a lion as to encounter him in his wrath.

It has been already remarked, that the very disgraceful practice in another species of reporting, of paying by the line, leads to every vice of composition, in order to swell out such reports to a profitable extent. Much worse effects ensue, for the mode of payment has engendered a whole system or organization of falsehood and fraud. The penny-a-line man, who

is always a needy, and but too often a desperate character, and in constant association with delinquents and police-officers, gives points to his reports for which there is no foundation. He colours every thing to the utmost, and stretches to an incredible degree of exaggeration and extravagance, in order to give an interest to his reports, and to make them saleable. This branch of reporting, if it may be so called, is immersed in bribery of the foulest kind. If a case happens at a police-office, in which the parties are of a class of life to make them sensitive to an exposure of their names in a newspaper, the penny-a-line man, or police reporter, colours his account of the proceedings before the magistrate to the very highest, in order to get a more certain or a larger bribe for suppressing or modifying the report. These gentlemen put forth very specious arguments in defence of this bribery. They say, "We are not members of any newspaper establishment—we are free traders—we openly sell our reports or manuscripts in an open market; and it is a matter of indifference whether our reports are bought by a newspaper editor, in order to their being published, or by a party in the case, in order to their being suppressed. All we care about is the price, and as individuals who wish to avoid exposure will give us a much higher price for our manuscripts than newspaper editors, we prefer selling our labours and property to the individuals." It is unnecessary for us to refute such base and flimsy sophistry. Our present duty is only to expose the practice. There are some courts, one in particular which I can mention, in which are daily seen about half a score of penny-a-line men, whilst the newspapers do not contain reports of the proceedings of the court, sufficiently long or numerous to render it worth the while of any one man to attend to its business. The reporters, in this case, live entirely by hush-money. We knew two cases; in one of which a person of this stamp offered an editor of a paper to suppress a report which related to his own family, provided he was paid the *quiddam honorarium*. The inexperienced rogue knew not that the editor, by his connexion with the press, could effect the object without paying for it, and he got a sound kicking for his proposal. In the other case, an attorney accosted an editor, a man of inflexible integrity, with "Mr. ——, I perceive that you suppressed the case of my client at the police-office, and as all the reporters have had two guineas each for suppressing their copies, if you will call at ——, and mention your name and object, you will receive the same sum." "Sir," replied the editor, "I never heard of your case, for the report never came to me; but now that I have heard of it, be assured that I will insert it in my very next publication, and will expose your name and address, with the baseness of your conduct." The threat was fairly put into execution.

It has been an old practice for men of this class to employ intermediate agents to call on public characters, and particularly on females, in order to show them reports which are about to appear in the papers, but which will be kept out for a proper sum. A certain duchess, now living, has been made the victim of her spirit in resisting such attempts.

The late coroner for Middlesex, when called to attend inquests, used to give the reporter of the court a seat on his coach-box. This man was a capital boxer. Thus patronized by the coroner, he conceived that he had almost a patent right to a monopoly in reporting inquests. He was indignant when he saw two others taking a case, and urged his prior occupation of such business. His adversaries were deaf to his plea. "But what can I do," said he, "I have already taken a half sovereign to suppress the case." Their reply to this was obvious; they wanted an equal bribe, or to share that bribe equally. The nice point was at last agreed to be settled at the Ben Jonson's Head, where the coroner's protegé settled it off-hand, by half cracking the heads of his adversaries. He paid dearly for his violence, in compromising actions for assault.

These are men always poor and depraved, from the necessity they are under of keeping in with that order of the police, commonly called Bow-street officers. They drink with them to excess. The head clerk of one of the police-offices at the west end of the town, once told us, that when the magistrates' back was turned, the penny-a-line men were allowed access to the books and minutes of the office. It is to be hoped that the magistrates have discovered and checked such a practice.

The press must justly bear the disgrace which such a class of characters can bring on it; for not only do respectable editors employ these men in functions suited to them, and which the better class of reporters would not perform; but for the sake of economy, they even endeavour to thrust them into the gallery of the House of Commons, or to the bar of the House of Lords, for a species of reporting for which they are absolutely as incompetent as chimney sweeps. It would not be difficult to name a proprietor who employs one of the most notoriously infamous of this class of reporters, notwithstanding the frequent and very disgraceful, and often, very expensive exposures of his conduct. But the press is in the hands of traders, who consider nothing but a return of profits, and who are often too illiterate to write a sentence grammatically. The statement is far from exaggerated, and of this ample proof might be afforded.

There is a notion prevalent upon one of the very first of our morning journals, that it requires neither a man of talent, education, or of gentlemanly habits, to form a good parliamentary reporter; and that consequently the only difference between reporters consists in the rate of pay. On this principle, they have already reduced their profits by more than one-half, and consequently have but the refuse of the market. The argument is, that people in general do not know good reporting from bad. If it be urged that the members of the two Houses comprise between eleven and twelve hundred of the richest and most influential people in the kingdom, and that such a market is not to be despised, the reply is, that not one hundred out of the eleven are speakers, and that not one-half of that number are speakers of such consequence as to induce the public to collate or compare reports, and that all but the members who may be personally engaged or interested in a debate, are either indifferent to the manner in which the House may be reported, or incompetent to judge between good and bad reporting. If a confidential complaint is made to the editor or literary men on the paper, of any execrable version of a debate, the reply is, "What can we do? the proprietor is so illiterate, and so incompetent to judge, that he often brings us for our admiration the most execrable of our reports, whilst to the very little good reporting that we get, he is totally insensible."

To a person who has been engaged from his youth in a manual trade, and who considers a newspaper solely as an engine for turning a penny, it would be in vain to remonstrate against the turpitude of depreciating the fame of public characters, by weak or illiterate reports of their speeches. The lawyer may be injured in his practice, or the statesman deteriorated in his character, rather than that such a trading proprietor should spend one shilling unnecessarily, to prevent the injustice. Members complain bitterly of this state of the press, but they owe it to the enormous newspaper duties and to restrictions, which have kept literary competitors from the market.

The argument which we have been stating will, of course, apply to every species of reporting, as well as to that of debates; and from this we may learn what confidence the public can put in such a journal. The fallacy and absurdity of the argument are sufficiently illustrated by the invariable increase in the circulation of the "Morning Chronicle," during the session of parliament, and which is owing to the reputation of that paper for accurate reports. If this is cited to the editor of the paper to

which we have been alluding, the reply is, "Well, nobody looks to us for reports, or cares anything about it."

It is too often to this superintending ignorance—this interference of the illiterate with literary business, that length is made the sole test of parliamentary reporting, to the destruction of style, accuracy, and every essential merit. A paper is laid before each proprietor every morning, with the labours of every contributor marked by his name. As the proprietors, with very few exceptions, are utterly illiterate men, their method is to take a two-foot rule and measure the reports, and the longest is always decided to be the best. This is their sole criterion.

There are, of course, honourable exceptions to these characteristics of the London press, and they will be pointed out in due course.

The learned and philosophic editor of the "Morning Chronicle," was, for a very long time, a reporter upon the establishment of that paper. Speeches which related to facts and statistical details, or general principles, he reported well; but in what related to wit, humour, elegance of composition, imagery, or what is styled rhetoric or oratory, his success was not so great. This was unfortunate, because his career was in the days of Pitt, Sheridan, Wyndham, and Canning, when speeches in parliament were not of the sober business-like character which they have since become. The equally learned and philosophic editor of the "Globe" was also a reporter at the same period.

The principal editor of "The Times" was long a reporter, and certainly that gentleman's faculties were better adapted to any other literary work.

But the parliamentary corps of reporters derived respectability and service from the talents and conduct of Mr. Murray, the present assisting editor of the "Times." He was one of the ablest reporters in the gallery. Every branch of the "Herald" is conducted by some ci-devant reporter, and the same may be said of the "Times," except with respect to some of its leading articles. The foreign articles of the "Times" are from the able pen of Mr. Murray. The editor writes merely paragraphs, or occasional short "leaders," on subjects that may casually arise in the course of the night. His pen is not that of a ready writer—but his caution is extreme, and his judgment sound, and he is fortunate in having attributed to him the writings of Murray, Stirling, and the other able men whom the large capital of that paper enables it to employ. All persons connected with the "Chronicle" are, or have been reporters, except one, who is an illiterate but expert printer, and who in point of fact, conducts a very great part of the management of that once celebrated paper. The foreign leaders in the "Morning Herald" are written either by a gentleman recently a reporter, and now at the bar, or by a barrister of talent, and the reporter for the "Herald" in the Court of King's Bench. The remaining *littéraire*, upon this paper, is a gentleman lately a reporter, and the author of two fine tragedies. The "Morning Post" is more out of the pale of our acquaintance, but it is infinitely to the honour of the proprietor and managers of that paper, that whilst they are men of literature, they are conscientiously of the politics which they advocate and support.

With regard to the two remaining morning papers—the "Ledger" is an excellent paper, in great circulation in the city end of the metropolis, but of its proprietors and editors we know nothing; and the "Morning Advertiser" is the "Publican's Paper," the profits of which go to support their infirm members. In both these papers, information is more sought for, than the violence of party politics.

It might be imagined, as "the taxes on knowledge" make the business of a morning, and almost of an evening paper, a monopoly, by shutting out from the market the competition of small capitals, that, like other monopolies, very large fortunes would be made by persons in possession

of so exclusive a trade. The very reverse of this is the fact, for the newspaper press is a chaos, an anomaly that almost baffles calculation upon general principles. The poverty of men of letters is proverbial, and it might be supposed that the newspaper press would be redundant of literary characters, who would flock to it for the relief which a monopoly ought to be able to afford. Here is another inconsistency. The property of the press is almost altogether in the hands of retail traders—men totally illiterate.

When a reporter becomes an editor, he gives the cut to all his old friends. There is not an instance to the contrary on the press of London—the midshipman or the youngest ensign dines with the captain, or messes with the colonel, but the whole dignity of the press would be destroyed, and all discipline and subordination annihilated, were an editor to suffer a reporter to be seen at his table. The late hours, and the nature of a reporting life, lead to midnight orgies. The editor's table is solitary—he enjoys his midnight revels alone, and "with none of the press."

Immediately prior to the commencement of every session, Mr. Walter, of the "Times," gives a grand dinner to all the gentlemen of the establishment, including reporters of every description, the editors, head printers, clerks, auditor, and a few miscellaneous characters. This privilege of dining once a year, and only once, is deemed a high honour by the reporters. We know of no instance of any reporter being independent enough to refuse to dine at a table, at which he is admitted but once per annum, and that by way of condescension and special favour. The proprietor of one morning paper, when he became possessed of it by purchase, had the good sense to perceive that his habits and defects of education rendered it unfit that he should appear at a convivial meeting of scholars and gentlemen. Such an exposure might render his future assumption of authority weak, or expose it to ridicule, and he resolved to get rid of the annual dinner altogether. To effect this was a matter of no great facility: the reporters were not likely to be satisfied at the loss of the one good annual dinner, which they could claim as a right by the *lex non scripta*, the common law of the press, established upon immemorial usage. The serious dilemma was made more serious by the cruel fact, that the preceding proprietor, Mr. Perry, had been an open-hearted, hospitable gentleman, at whose profuse and elegant table the reporters were often admitted with a great deal of the *bonhomie* characteristic of that justly popular owner of the "Morning Chronicle." In fact, the reporters upon the establishment of that paper were like spoiled children, or like sturdy freebooters, who were disposed to claim as a right what they had long been accustomed to receive as an indulgence or a favour. Ludicrous as it may appear, the dilemma occasioned great uneasiness and mortification to the new proprietor, but he eventually cut the gordian, or, as he calls it, the "gordon" knot, by giving each gentleman five pounds in lieu of the dinner, and putting the gift upon the footing that it was meant to cover their expenses of coach hire in going to, and coming from, the Houses of Parliament. But so omnipotent is money, that a person of this stamp and character struts or rumbles his hour on the stage, hiring, dismissing, and commanding all the *littéraires* with by far less of ceremony or feeling than the average of masters hire or dismiss cabriolet drivers or luggage porters. Other papers give their annual dinners to all the establishment, including from the proprietor down to the very devils. The gentlemen—*i. e.* the reporters, and those not below them—pay for their dinner tickets, and the surplus of what they pay above the contract price with the tavern keeper per head, is carried to the benefit of the compositors, type-founders, and devils, who dine gratis. The balance of the bill is made good by the proprietor. There is the independence of an open market in this old-fashioned arrangement, and the only ludicrous feature on these

occasions is, that although the aristocracy of the press is thrown aside during the dinner, and a perfect Saturnalia prevails—a reign of misrule—yet the system of castes is resumed the next day.

Literary men of all grades on a newspaper are equally exposed to the caprices of the low traders who are masters of the property of the press, and it is therefore singular that it should exist, and that this aristocracy should be carried to an excess upon liberal papers, and be mitigated on the Tory journals. It exists in full oriental rigour in the "Times," and is strong on the "Morning Chronicle" and "Morning Herald," whilst little of it is to be found on the "Morning Post," nor used it to prevail under the Tory, Dr. Stoddart. The rule, however, is not undeviating, for —— Murray, on his "Representative," was "Absolute John;" and Perry, of Whig celebrity, had none of the aristocracy about him. On the contrary, often have we dined with the latter, with our brother reporters, when the flow of wine made the Conomara gentry of the press put to the test the truth of King Charles's drinking song, that "a drunken man is as good as a king." Perry always took it in good part; he was thoroughly a good-hearted man. In our younger days, how often have we, with Dr. Black, (as Cobbett styles him,) and David Power, and Peter Finnerty, stars of the reporting sphere in the days gone by, experienced proofs of Perry's inexhaustible good temper and good nature!

These apparently common-place anecdotes and reminiscences are not unimportant, except to common-place minds, for it is really curious to know the habits, circumstances, and grades of men who feed or guide the mighty engine of the press, in all its plenitude of power, upon the happiness and conduct of so many millions of persons throughout the United Kingdom. For this reason we shall dwell a little more upon this subject, before we come to the *morale* and *intellect* of the press, in its ostensible and ostentatious character.

From libations enjoyed in the Rainbow, the Mitre, the Red Lion, or the Crown, or one of the other resorts of the reporters, he, the reporter, issues to his important functions, and upon his state of nerves or temper depend the fate of a sublime tragedy, the reputation of a new actress or vocal aspirant, or the length, accuracy, beauty, or deformity of the speech of a great statesman or parliamentary orator—a speech which he has probably conned for days and nights, on which the eyes of his party are intensely fixed, and which is intended to influence the speculations of the merchant or the political relations of the world. The reporter, strengthened by a repast of Welch rabbits or broiled kidneys, and inspired by his favourite potation, criticism sparkling in his eye, and his soul full of the refinements of taste and the delicacies of art, goes forth to pronounce whether an opera dancer possess the graces of the highest school—whether an actress in genteel comedy have the true *ton* of the highest fashion, such as is witnessed in the drawing-room of the aristocracy—whether a great Italian singer have all the exquisite refinements and nicer delicacies, which nothing can impart but real genius sublimated by the most finished study of the most exquisite models, under the highest masters. All such points are determined and pronounced upon, *ex cathedra*, by the Aristarchus, albeit he is as ignorant as a horse of the graces; and as to music, knows not a half note from a natural, or an adagio movement from a jig.

We once knew a laughable illustration of this species of newspaper business. The proprietor of one of the morning papers became economical, and wished to pick up one or more cheap reporters. He pitched upon a young lad from Ireland, who had just arrived in London to study the law, or rather to gain a livelihood at as little expense of study of any sort as possible. What Doctor Johnson said of French adventurers in London may truly be applied to all Irish adventurers indiscriminately, and without any risk whatever of doing them injustice:

" All sciences a starving Frenchman knows,
And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes."

An Irishman knows every thing. The poor fellow was a very ingenious specimen of such importations, who being asked whether he could play the fiddle, instead of answering yes, replied with *naïveté*, "I don't know, for I never tried." In the case we allude to, the young gentleman flatly answered, "And yes to be sure now," to whatever he was asked to do. Five guineas a week was to be given to him, and five guineas a week to a lad just arrived, at odds with fortune, from a village of one of the western provinces of Ireland, or England either, was an income beyond avarice itself to contemplate. But his place was not to be a sinecure; he was to report in the gallery, and in one of the law courts, to both of which jobs he professed himself perfectly competent. He was asked if he felt himself able to review the theatres, and this function he likewise undertook. "And I suppose you will have no objection," said the employer, "to write us criticisms upon paintings, statuary, and works of art and *vertú*." "None in the least; nothing more aisy or plisant," replied the youth from the Emerald Isle. At last came the climax of cruel exactions for the five guineas. "Our paper, sir, makes a great point of the opera and music; they are more fashionable than plays, and we aim particularly at fashion. Have you any objection to undertake our critiques upon the opera and morning concerts in the season?" "Not in the laist, to be sure now, and couldn't I give them genteelly?" This was conclusive, and the bargain was struck.

It was said of Mirabeau that, in his distress, he professed his ability to perform any task whatever that was proposed to him, with the promise of a good reward; and Dumont, his friend, declares, that had any body asked him to write a Chinese dictionary, he would have undertaken the task. It was the same with this young Irish reporter, this fortunate youth; and had this learned Theban proprietor suggested to him the composition of a Polyglot bible, he would have pledged himself to the job without the slightest hesitation. When the gentleman who introduced this universal genius to the proprietor was asked in secret whether his young friend from the unspellable and unpronounceable village of Connaught understood music, the reply was, "No, indeed; but I dare say he may have a natural taste." "Does he know any thing whatever of painting?"—"The devil a bit, and how should he?" "How then could he undertake to criticise paintings and works of art?"—"Och, sir, and an't those things so easily picked up in a big city like London?" Until the cub's taste and knowledge of art were acquired in the big city, the works of artists, involving their character and support, were to be at the mercy of his caprice and ignorance. When the proprietorship of newspapers falls into the hands of illiterate men, is it to be wondered that the public are annoyed with the ignorance too often displayed in journals on these subjects?

Let us fully illustrate this point by a little of the private history of some of the papers, beginning with the "Morning Chronicle," and concluding with a group of the penny press and the "Court Journal."

We may be allowed to preface such biography with a few observations upon the want of principle which pervades the newspaper press. The ignorance and low habits of men who have become possessed of newspaper property are not fair objects of reproach—they are the accidents of life; but a want of independence and integrity is a stigma which cannot be palliated on the plea of want of education, or of any sphere in which a man may have been doomed to pass his youth or middle life.

When we speak of illiterate men, or men of no education, we do not use the word education in the very common acceptation of the term, viz. a

classical education. We literally mean men that can read, but not write, at least grammar, or even English. The ignorance of a rich, but really very honest trading proprietor of a morning paper was so gross, that he invariably used *what* for who, that, or which. *Them* was always written for *these* and *those*, and "*them* measures," "*them* taxes," "*them* debates;" in short, *them* every thing would have appeared in articles he would write, in defiance of his incapacity, but for the correction of the printers. This man never used the preposition *of*, but "two or three *on* them," "six *on them* members *what* voted for," &c. Such was his phraseology, always corrected even by a reporter or printer, and, strange to say, he never observed the alteration.

Thank heaven, the world of letters and of intellect is a republic, and if a man raises himself to a literary pre-eminence from a low origin, it redounds to his honour, and very greatly enhances his merit. The market is a thoroughly open market, and when a man like the father of the present proprietor of a highly talented morning paper, raises himself from keeping a book stall, then a bookseller's shop, and lastly, to be proprietor of the richest journal in Europe, every body must praise his talents and good fortune. Besides, as his fortune rose, his son, the present proprietor, put himself to study, went to college, and in all his conduct on the press has maintained the highest character for integrity, liberality, and gentlemanly, and even kind feelings.

Two very false ideas are prevalent on the press, among trading proprietors. First, that a man of no character or principle may own or edit a paper, inasmuch as the character of the man is distinct from that of the publication. The second vulgar error, equally prevalent among such proprietors is, that it is consistent with honour and integrity for a man to take any side, or adopt any party—to write up or down, any person, cause, or measure, if it will make money for the paper.

The first error is too revolting to need much comment. In relation to stock jobbing, gambling, hush money, and a thousand other vices, no man has half the opportunities of guilt that an unprincipled conductor of a newspaper may avail himself of, or may create. In proportion to the means and appliances of doing wrong, prudence should teach us to distrust a man without principle.

Upon the second point I am sorry to say, a most astonishing want of principle pervades the press. The "Times" watches the wind, and sails with the stream. That paper is invaluable; for so very acute is its perception, so profound is its penetration, and so accurate its judgment, that, even when we can place, no reliance whatever upon the justice or policy of the side it may espouse, we may be perfectly confident that that side is the strongest and the most likely to win. "The Times is the times," is the maxim with every administration. The consummate policy of that paper, whilst the Wellington and Grey parties were in contest for office—its keeping aloof whilst the negotiations were pending, and the prodigious power, at least of words, with which it came out in favour of Whiggism and reform on the very morning after the night on which the ascendancy of the Whigs was made certain, are unrivalled instances of finesse, and worthy a Mazarin or a Richelieu.

One person, a trader, is the sole proprietor of four newspapers—the "Morning Chronicle," the "Observer," the "Englishman," and "Bell's Life in London." Whilst the "Morning Chronicle" was a redhot Radical paper, the "Observer" was Ultra-Tory; and "Bell's Life in London" Tory, with a little tinge of liberalism. The "Englishman" is little but an artifice—a copy of the "Observer," with a transmutation of the locality of its matter. Soon after, the "Observer" turned furiously Radical, for it was going down hill; but "Bell's Life" kept its politics.

Now, the "Observer" is Ultra Tory again, and "Bell's Life" is Radical. This is not a dereliction, but an utter want of principle. A more offensive and disgusting want of principle as to right and wrong in proprietorship cannot be well imagined. Sentiment, opinion, morality, feeling for the country, or for the good or evil which men or measures may inflict upon trade, or interest, or upon individuals, have no place whatever in such newspaper steam-manufactories; the only object is to make goods to suit all customers. A gentleman, now I believe a reporter, told me that, when he was engaging himself as a *littéraire* and political writer on the "Observer" and "Englishman," the editor or printer, for they are the same person, and not a literary man, wished him to take the line of the very extreme of the most Ultra Toryism. He, on the contrary, was of all existing Radicals, the most violent and uncompromising, and, like Sterne's parson, "he trusted he had a conscience." The idea of a conscience in a newspaper office struck this compound of printer's devil, printer, and editor, as a preposterous fudge. "Zounds!" said he, "I never knew any man particular on such points. The last gentleman I had was a clergyman, and he invariably, before he wrote on any subject, used to ask me which side he should take." "That clergyman was a scoundrel," was the reply; "I have no right to impose subjects upon you, and will avoid or take up subjects as you may think fit; but whatever I write upon, I shall write my honest sentiments and opinions, which are Ultra Radical." Finding this zealot a very able man, and that he was inflexible at any price, this *homme d'affaires* gave up the point, and the two papers changed at a tangent from the most abject servility of Toryism to the most exalted abstractions of Radical utopianism. What a picture does this give of the press, that great engine of intellect and virtue which is to improve the age!

There is even a worse illustration of this point in the "Court Journal." Of course, nothing more than the second-hand impertinences of awkward imitations of fashionable life, gleaned from waiting-maids and milliners, are to be expected of a publication with such a title. It has no pretensions to literature or politics; but yet it ought to have some public principle. It has wavered, however, oft and suddenly, under the same editor and proprietor, from Radicalism to Toryism, to Whiggism, and all other *isms*, which were likely to bring grist to the mill, or shillings and pence to the pocket, according to the calculations of the proprietor and conductor.

But there are honourable exceptions on the press to this prostitution of public principles. Mr. Thwaites, the late proprietor of the "Morning Herald," never could be persuaded to gain money by publishing anything which he did not conscientiously believe to be just and right. The inflexible integrity of the "Examiner," under the Hunts, is above all praise; and the present editor is equally inflexible, and possesses more talent. The "Examiner" is the best written paper in England. The "Morning Post" has never deviated from its principles, even when the stream set the strongest against them.

We have pleasure in mentioning these honourable exceptions to literary tergiversation, which is defended on the plea that the writers consider themselves in the light of *barristers* holding a brief, and that they are bound to take up any side, and to change it as often as their illiterate and trading employers dictate. Let the excuse have its weight.

The history of the "Morning Chronicle" is the most curious illustration of all things connected with the press.

At its lowest ebb, it was bought many years ago for a trifle, by our late excellent friend, Mr. Perry. At that time, Perry was a literary adventurer from Scotland to the metropolis; and amongst the innumerable

records of the goodness of his nature, is the fact of his granting an annuity to the widow of the tradesman who advanced him the money which bought the paper, and proved the foundation of his large fortune.

Perry was in every respect a man of a liberal mind and a kind heart. His conduct to every body on his establishment was considerate, indulgent, and very generous. He knew that the reporter's life was arduous, productive of ill health and premature old age, and full of temptations to dissipation and excesses. He was therefore always full of liberality and indulgence towards them; although some of the corps, in those days, often did much to try his temper and exhaust his benevolence. We never knew a man, and our recollection extends to a very long period, who excited such general esteem and attachment. He took no dirty advantages of broken sessions and equivocal engagements; nor was he ever guilty of dismissing members of his establishment fraudulently at the end of a session, after perhaps they were worn out and exhausted by its unusual length and extraordinary severity. It is useful to dwell upon such facts; for the honour and generosity of this man towards every body in his employment, so attached them to his interests, that their zeal in his service was a principal source of his affluent fortune. Whether his successor has excited similar feelings towards himself by similar means, and whether the esteem and attachment of his establishment have been the foundation of an affluent fortune, it is not for me to determine. Few things can be more useful to humanity than to illustrate and establish beyond controversy to selfish and vulgar minds, that although a long purse in a narrow market, among distressed operatives, may enable a man to sacrifice the comforts, convenience, and interests of all around him, with *an ostensible impunity*, his conduct engenders a latent tone of disposition, which silently and imperceptibly, but incessantly and irresistibly destroys his wealth, and the opportunities which justice and kindness would have created of increasing his store. On the other hand, it is refreshing to the finer feelings of honourable minds, to illustrate by such a splendid instance as Mr. Perry, that integrity and good feeling to those under your command, are productive of the sensibilities which create by exertion that fortune, which, to a rational extent, is made the source of kindness and of justice to those around you.

We could relate, were our space sufficient, innumerable anecdotes of the glorious days of Fox, of Sheridan, and Tierney, when the "Morning Chronicle" was at its zenith, under its gallant commander Perry. His *physique* was excellent, and it led to as excellent a *morale*, for after any enjoyment "o' nights," he was the next day free from the morose attrabilious overflowings which distress some men. We will, however, merely content ourselves with one anecdote, to show the extremely fluctuating nature of newspaper property, even when a newspaper is conducted by the most able and experienced of all conductors.

Perry had written an excellent leader, not only with all his acuteness, but it was timed with admirable tact. Its predictions were almost sure to be verified, upon every sound and rational calculation; and although those predictions were against the current of the nation's hopes and ardent wishes, still the result would show the superior sagacity and penetration of the writer, in a manner to promote the character and authority of the "Morning Chronicle."

Perry's leading article proved the incalculable chances against our success in the war into which we had plunged. He showed the almost impossibility of our gaining a victory, and the infallible consequences of our losing the battle. Nothing could evince a sounder judgment, or a more thorough acquaintance with all the details and general principles of the case. The article was in type, and the type in the galleys—and the writing would have appeared the next morning. At this crisis the news

arrived—the battle had been fought, and Waterloo was a victory. The type was dispersed, and a congratulation upon the godsend appeared in its stead. Had the news arrived only a few hours later, it would have made the "Morning Chronicle" the butt of all the press and of all the nation's fallacies—always the most cherished, inalienable, and obdurate property which a nation can possess. Upon this accident, of the hour of the arrival of this news, depended the value of the paper, to the extent of many thousand pounds, or probably much more, its utter loss. This haphazard battle gave the country such a triumph in Toryism, that nothing could live against the enthusiasm, until that enthusiasm produced such ruin as to cause a re-action which crushed Toryism, and produced Reform. Such is the nature of newspaper property. We shall resume this subject.

TOM PIPES.

A PINDARIC ODE.

The boatswain of the Romney, man-of-war,
A very dry and whimsical old tar,
In London moor'd;
Finding that his pockets were
With rhino stor'd,
Thought it a very gentlemanly care,
In tip-top style,
To sport awhile
The ruby honours of his jolly face
In silken sheen, and gold and silver lace—
And then go quietly on board.

Tom Pipes now being resolv'd to dash on;
Strait to Monmouth-street he goes,
That known resort of Cockney beaux,
To rig in glorious fashion:
There purchased of a lying Jew,
A suit, he swore was good as new,
Deep-lac'd with gold and silk, on faded velvet blue.
A pondrous wig too, that of late
Had grac'd the outside of the pate
Of some wise minister of state:
For you must know
This happen'd seventy years ago—
When you might guess a lord by a large peruke's flow.
A hat, majestically prim,
With three point corners, and a brim
Deep bound with gold, lay on the wig,
Which seem'd, 'tis true, somewhat too big,
It couldn't get in.
'Twas no great matter.
Says Tom, "the hat's a little thin;
The wig is fatter."

His coat unfolds a thousand dyes,
And sends a thousand rays,
The breeches that adorn his thighs
With crimson sarc'net blaze.
But who shall sing the wondrous cane
That in his hand he bore?
'Twas long—'twas strait—the head was great—
The muse can say no more.
Yet such a cane you might have seen
A doctor grave of law,
Or physic, just as grave, I ween,
Clap to his under jaw.

With all this weight of tawdry on his back,
Tumbling his dignity into a hack,
He bids it drive with fiery haste to where
Old Drury opes her doors theatric wide
To beaux well dress'd, and half-dress'd dames beside:
A motley mob, who throng tumultuous there,
Sometimes to see the play—sometimes to stare.

Tom now alights, and moves towards the boxes:
Aw'd by his majestic tread,
Bows round him every powder'd head!
Bullies give way, and trembling, leave their doxies!
The flying keepers rush before,
And open every sounding door.
The box that overlooks the stage,
At last receives this wondrous personage.
Instant upon him are a thousand eyes,
And half the audience from respect arise.

Tom! thus seated in thy glory,
With such splendours all before ye,
Beware! beware! lest, in thy swelling heart
Pride get the better, and thy mouth undoing,
At once betray thee—or some vulgar start
Expose, and drive thee into shameful ruin!
Ah, see how grave my hero looks! how wise!
Blush, judges, blush! and own yourselves outdone!
What wisdom twinkles in his half shut eyes!
That seem the follies of the place to shun.
Who'd not suppose that head, like many more
Which nod beneath a pond'rous weight of hair,
Was wondrous wise, and stuff'd brimful of lore?
But Learning keeps no well-stock'd warehouse there.
Long round the house inquiries keen have run,
Yet keen inquiries still unanswer'd were,
For Knowledge hid her ninetimes radiant sun,
And left the throng to wonder and to stare.
But busy Rumour opened all her store,
With startling tales the gaping audience plied,
And call'd our Tom "a Turk, a Swede, a Moor,"
Till Truth appear'd, and told the dame she lied.

High in those spheres which lordlings never reach,
Where gods and nymphs in lofty splendours shine,

Twelve of Tom's shipmates, for a shilling each,
Assum'd their thrones, and made themselves divine.
Proud of their lofty state
The jolly seamen sate;
Their Drury nymphs were plac'd around,
Their brows with tawdry ribbons bound.
O happy, happy crew!
Not one that's there
Deserve the fair,
My lads, so well as you.
At length their roving eyes the boatswain meet,
Flaming in splendour on his distant seat,
Which made them gaze with all their might and main.
At British tar,
Well-known afar,
Of whom aware,
They 'gan to stare,
And swear and stare, and stare and swear,
And swear and stare, and swear again.
At last their wond'ring eyes they trust—
"It must be Pipes! By G—d it must!"
Then the spokesman of the gang
Shook the dread abodes
Of the nocturnal gods,
And the high roof resounded with the bang!
When his sceptre cudgel's thunder
Shook the trembling house with wonder,
And then his deep-ton'd voice, at last,
Roar'd as the forest-shaking blast—
"*Ho! ho! the boatswain of the Romney! hoy!*
"Why, d——n it, think we doesn't know thee, boy?"
Our hero heard,
Rose up and star'd,
And thus he roar'd again;
"Ye dirty rascals, can't ye hold your jaw?
"You 'll feel the weight else of a sailor's paw!
"I'll thrash you all, you dogs, as black as jet—
"And make you know that I'm your boatswain yet.
"I'll trounce you." He could say no more;
Sudden rose the deaf'ning roar,
Sudden rose the rabble rout!
Voice on voice tumultuous shout,
"Turn him out!! Turn him out!!!"
Ah, see him surrounded!
The tip-staves are near him,
They haul him, they tear him,
His clothes cannot save him.
He looks all astounded,
Yet still like a tar does he brave them.
Ah, Tom, 'tis in vain,
Tho' thou strikest amain,
Thy gold-headed cane
Will defend thee not long, I've a notion;
For soon must thou fall,
With thy hat, wig, and all,
Whilst the cockneys will bawl,
And disgrace thee, brave son of the ocean!

In sooth, now let my verse recite
The fierce, but the unequal fight
That noble Pipes sustain'd;
And sing, how well he held his post,
And strove against the furious host,
And, tho' he could not vict'ry boast,
Yet all the honour gain'd.
I see his cane uplifted high,
I see the shiv'ring fragments fly,
Of many a well-dress'd pate!
I hear the hundred oaths they swear!
I see how many do not dare
The glorious toils of strife to share,
Affrighted by the fate
Of their batter'd brother beaux,
With blacken'd eyes, and bloody nose,
Retreating from the fight.
Tom Pipes, I see thy valour shine
Unequall'd still! O Tom! be thine
The glory of the night!
Ah, no! his cane is broken short!
Alas! of cruel fate the sport—
And now they press him most:
See, fresh numbers rushing on.
His cane is snapp'd, his strength is gone—
What arm can quell a host?
'Tis done! he falls, he falls—but lo!
"A rescue to the boatswain, ho!"
From twice six voices rise,
And twice six sticks of sturdy oak
Twice six powder'd pates have broke,
For heavy falls the vengeful stroke,
Each nervous arm supplies!
Tom, these are thy shipmates brave,
From upper gallery come to save
Their boatswain in distress;
And soon each noble, hardy tar,
Will turn the current of the war,
And well their foemen dress.
Pipes now rises bold again,
The fragments of his broken cane
He grasps with warrior frown;
He charges now the flying rout,
And thus is heard his rallying shout,
"Bill Spritsail, knock 'em down!"

In sooth, I think I need not tell
How many beaux and bullies fell,
How many catch-poles ran;
Or how Tom Pipes and his good crew,
Like British sailors, stern and true,
Gain'd the good fight, and door-way too,
And got off to a man.

ON THE APPLICATION OF STEAM TO BALLISTICS AND MILITARY PYROTECHNY.

It has frequently occurred to us, that if some competent commentators could be found to explain and illustrate two well-known, curious, and abstruse works, very different in kind as well as importance, the world would receive an accession of much interesting, and probably some valuable information. The works we allude to are, Pliny's Natural History, and the Marquis of Worcester's Century of Inventions.

We are living in a singular age, one in which the power of man is daily and hourly extended over physical nature. There is a general stir through all the elements of society—the whole appearance of things affords room for much reflection; but no reflection can, we think, enable any man to foresee the end of them. A new principle—a *novum organum*—has been introduced, the most powerful yet ever wielded by man. We allude to the steam-engine, which, it has been predicted by a profound writer, will henceforth govern the world.

Every one is aware of the immense advantages it has already rendered to this country; while others, dazzled by the magnificent results already obtained, imagine that, applied to implements of war, it will at length realize the political dream of the Abbé St. Pierre, *La paix perpetuelle.*

For some time past, therefore, *steam arms* have occupied the attention of the public, who erroneously look upon them not only as a most extraordinary, but as quite a recent invention. Their origin, however, is of very ancient date, and their construction similar in principle to our guns, consisting of a vase that contains an elastic fluid, a tube for receiving the ball, and of a turn-cock, which, by allowing a certain portion of the fluid to escape, projects the ball with velocity from the tube.

Philon of Byzantium, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era,* has left us a long description of a machine called an *air gun* by the moderns, and aerotana or ἀεροτονος by the ancients. This invention, according to the same writer, was new in his day, and was attributed to the celebrated Ctesibius.

Heron of Alexandria, the disciple of the last-mentioned mechanician, has described a small machine that may have suggested the idea of employing steam for throwing projectiles. It is a boiler surmounted by a tube, in which a ball is placed; the steam carries away the ball, and sustains it in the air, as in similar experiments made with water-spouts or fountains. By adding a cock to the tube, and by allowing this steam to condense, the balls might have been projected to a great distance, instead of being simply raised in the air.

Several other steam machines, with which the ancients were acquainted, were totally forgotten, as well as the aerotana, or air guns, during the centuries of darkness and ignorance which succeeded to the fall of the Roman empire. But after the revival of arts and sciences, air guns were anew constructed, while steam-engines did not appear until the end of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century. At a later period these two inventions were attributed to different individuals, who pretended to be the authors of them. We ought not, therefore, to be surprised at the conduct of these *soi-disant* inventors, nor of their advocates, since the same acts of charlatanism, even now, are of almost daily occurrence, notwithstanding the activity that prevails in the correspondence of men of science.

* Veterus Mathematici.—Lambecius.

From this resemblance between steam-engines and "air arms," let us now pass to the more direct one that exists between aqueous vapour and gunpowder, between steam arms and cannon.

These last were at first named fire machines, and many persons still apply to steam-engines the same denomination. Hautefeuille, Papin, Huygens, and several others, have constructed engines in which, as the moving principle, for gunpowder was substituted the aqueous vapour. Vauban, so far back as 1707, made several experiments to determine the force of water evaporated, comparatively to the explosive effects of gunpowder. Rumford boldly advanced, that a piece of artillery is nothing more than a steam-engine of a peculiar construction. In fact, our daily experience proves that steam produces effects similar to those of gunpowder. In the United States of America, boys often amuse themselves by making what is called Christmas crackers:* they stop up the touch-hole of a gun-barrel, and introduce into it a small quantity of water, upon which they ram down a quantity of wadding. Afterwards, on placing the breech into a hot fire, it goes off shortly after, with a report, as if the barrel had been charged with gunpowder. No one, besides, is ignorant of the fact, that any body containing air or water which cannot escape, on being thrown into the fire, will explode with a loud report; the bursting of the boilers of steam-engines proceed from the same cause, and volcanic eruptions have also been attributed, by philosophers both of ancient and modern times, to volumes of water suddenly evaporated.

However, the French general, Chasseloup, appears to be the first who established the possibility of constructing steam arms; he proposed, in 1805, to employ them on fortified places. The general was loudly ridiculed by his contemporaries, particularly by a captain of engineers, who has, however, since changed his opinion so far as to write a work on the advantages of this arm.

In the year 1814, M. Gerard, another French engineer officer, constructed some steam guns. The boiler, fixed upon a kind of gun carriage, supplied six gun barrels with steam, which opened at the breech; a kind of bowl filled with balls was placed on the top, and by turning a handle each of the six barrels received at the same time a ball, and the steam necessary to project it. A greater range for the balls and initial velocity was obtained by turning the handle slowly, for then, as the vapour was longer heated, it possessed a greater elasticity. On the other hand, by quickly turning the handle, a contrary result was obtained—they threw about 180 projectiles in a minute. There was on the fore part of the carriage two caissons, one for coal, and the other for bullets. A certain number of these arms were destined for the defence of Paris; but, singular enough, they were all destroyed by order of the government, on the very day that the Allies attacked and carried the works thrown up for the defence of that capital. Ample details on this subject will be found in the "Journal des Annales des Sciences Militaires" for that year; since that period Paxhans and Perkins have anew rivetted the attention of the naval and military world, by their writings and their labours to bring these arms to greater perfection.

Among the arms of this description, with which we are already acquainted, we ought not to exclude an invention mentioned in almost all

* Oliver Evans, the American engineer, acknowledges that his first idea of the high pressure engine was suggested by these crackers. The most important discoveries have proceeded rather from chance than previous investigation. To the children of a spectacle-maker at Middleburg, we owe the telescope; and the falling of an apple, it is said, suggested to Newton the sublime theory of gravitation. From the "Ars Artillerea" of Cassemir Scemeonwitz, a Polish colonel of engineers, we rather think that Congreve received some valuable hints for the construction of his rockets.

the journals of the day, in describing the American steam frigate, the Fulton, viz. a machine for throwing torrents of boiling water; but the fact is, that it was only a pump for throwing *cold* water; for although for the purpose of throwing boiling water, it would only be necessary to fix a pipe with a turn-cock at the bottom of the boiler of a steam-engine, the aqueous gas, by its pressure on the water, would force it upwards as soon as the cock was turned; but for this purpose it would require boilers of an enormous size to obtain continually a fresh supply of boiling water, which is the reason that it has never yet been attempted.

Let us now examine if, in a number of cases, steam may not be substituted for gunpowder.

Up to the present moment the pressure in steam-engines has been carried so high as from thirty-five to forty atmospheres. The elastic force of ignited gunpowder is much greater; but as the violence of its effects renders it extremely difficult to reduce it to accurate measurement, there exists an extreme divergency between the experiments and the calculations made on this subject.

John Bernoulli has advanced, that the elasticity of vapours produced by ignited gunpowder, equals at least 100 times the pressure of the atmosphere; Daniel Bernoulli 10,000 times this pressure; Brachus 450; Robins 1,000; Amontons 5,000; Dulacq 4,000; Antoni 1,400, to 1,900; Jugen Houss 2,279; Duhamel 24,400; Lombard 9,215; Hutton 2,000; Gay de Vernon 30 to 80,000; Lamartelliere 43,600; in short, Boyle, Hauksbee, De la Here, Halles, Papin, Belidor, Euler, Sthaal, Rumford, Colman, Cruikshanks, and others, have spent much time in investigating the properties of gunpowder, and have expressed different opinions upon the nature and the quantity of fluid engendered by its deflagration. It may be asked, how it arises, that men so distinguished for their scientific acquirements, should have arrived at such very different results. The reason is this: they pretended to indicate the absolute force of gunpowder instead of seeking to determine more or less the elasticity of the gas it produces, according to its quantity and quality, according to the nature of the arm, or of the spaces that contain it, according to the state of the atmosphere, and an infinity of other circumstances, to which too much attention cannot be paid. For example, we may with the same trial-mortar, with the same quantity of powder, the same projectile, the same elevation, double, triple, nay, quadruple the range; or again diminish it, in an extraordinary manner, by only leaving more or less space between the powder and the projectile. In spite of the uncertainty that exists in the explosive force of gunpowder, we most plainly perceive that, upon a given surface or body, it must exercise a much more considerable effect than the pressure obtained from any steam-engine. It is true, (admitting that the boiler was sufficiently large,) that aqueous gas would not materially lose any thing of its elasticity, by filling several tubes containing a musket ball. The gas would at first slowly displace the ball, but it would preserve almost the same impulsive force unto the extremity of the tube. Now, a charge of gunpowder acts in quite a different way; it first propels the projectile with extreme violence; but its action diminishes in ratio as the fluid extends itself in the chamber of the gun. From this it results, from the particular nature of these two principles, that the barrels or bores of steam arms should be much longer than those of fire arms, in order to throw the same balls an equal distance, with a similar force.

This circumstance, added to the difficulty of constructing large boilers capable of supporting a high pressure, has retarded the fabrication, or at least, the improvement of steam arms of a large calibre. Perkins, whose experiments have excited such a lively interest in the scientific world, has not yet been able to throw anything heavier than *musket balls*, nor did

Gerard before him. It is not, however, impossible to throw larger projectiles by means of steam; there have been air guns of the calibre of 4 lbs., but the effect of this arm was not equal to that of a common cannon of the same calibre.

Cugusto, a French engineer, known by several works on the military arts, conceived the idea of employing steam carriages in war, for the transport of baggage; and he further maintained, that these carriages might be converted into field artillery; the attempt, however, was never made.*

In 1804 Oliver Evans put in motion in the streets of Philadelphia, a steam-carriage, which weighed about 40,000 lbs. The diameter of the piston was only five inches, its course nineteen, and the pressure of the aqueous gas 150 lbs to the square inch.

A French officer, Montegeny, constructed a kind of moveable casemate, impenetrable to shot, which would equally serve for the attack as the defence of fortified places, and might even be used in the field, provided the roads were good.

Employed for the defence of strong places, it would possess the property of ventilating the casemated batteries, instead of filling them with smoke, as is the case with cannons, mortars, &c. From these casemates they would project, vertically on the glacis, showers of musket balls; but stones, bombs, grenades, &c., which they cannot project, do much more execution than musket balls, which are, besides, a much more expensive missile. Steam-guns should, therefore, according to Montegeny, only be employed in casemated batteries, to defend the fosse and the breach, by a horizontal fire. These casemates might be used with success on board steam-ships, especially in boarding or repelling a similar attack of the enemy, for by alimenting the fire and the boiler, and by turning the handle, a shower of balls might be poured on to the enemy's deck with murderous execution.

Paixhans proposed to apply the machinery of steam ships to the working of their guns, and to the moving of certain instruments for repelling boarders, and throwing columns of hot water on the enemy's decks; but he took the idea from the false description of the Fulton steam frigate, before alluded to.

Perkins, again, proposes to throw rockets of the weight even of several hundred weight by means of steam. These rockets would be tubes of strong cloth, filled with water, and stopped up with a metal fusible at 200 degrees, (Fahrenheit,) placed afterwards in a forge, in a way that they may be thrown out head foremost: they would rush into the air so soon as the metal should commence to fuse. Perkins calculates that the force of the steam would then be 50,000 lbs. to the square inch, and he appears to think that the greatest effect of powder is only 600 lbs. per square inch, which calculation gives an amazing superiority to the expansive power of the former.

Now, in taking the mean term of all the different dynamical powers attributed to gunpowder, which we quoted above, we have 14,356 atmospheres. But the pressure of an atmosphere being equal to 15 lbs. for every square inch, powder would exercise upon a surface of this extent the power of 215,234. The calculation made by Perkins on the explosive power of gunpowder is much too low. It is true, that in a rocket the power of the powder is considerably diminished, and that it does not detonate; and if its action is less prompt than any other fire arms, it lasts as long as the case is not consumed.

The water contained in these rockets, and intensely heated, would escape into the air, especially should they succeed in imparting to aqueous gas the same elasticity as to ignited gunpowder. It is not possible to

* This machine may be seen in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers at Paris.

assimilate the re-action of aqueous gas to the re-action of fluids, formed by the deflagration of gunpowder. The first is condensed as soon as it enters the atmosphere; but the latter are permanent gases, which have still a considerable volume, even after they are entirely refrigerated, and they consequently cannot escape in the air, without producing a vacuum, and a considerable re-action. The effect of these projectiles would in no way resemble those of common rockets; there would be an explosion the instant the metal was melted, and these rockets would fly off like a cannon ball, but with less initial velocity; their shock would have less momentum from this very circumstance, and from their peculiar fabrication. For a hollow cloth projectile would specifically weigh much less than a cast-iron shot. Besides, cloth tubes capable of supporting a high pressure, would cost much more than any projectile that is now used; and it would require much more time to place them in a kind of oven, or forge, to heat them intensely, than to discharge cannons, mortars, or even Congreve rockets. Nevertheless, Mr. Perkins's works contain some perfectly new and original conceptions, that may, perhaps, one day produce considerable changes in the art of war.

The valuable discoveries of modern chemistry owe their origin to the much despised labours of the alchymists; every invention, we allow, should have fair play, and should not be disparaged on account of its supposed absurdity, or apparent inutility. Still, we much doubt if steam will ever play but a secondary part in war.

Of the explosive force of gunpowder we know little more than on the day it was discovered by the monk, Roger Bacon. Neither, considering the time that has since elapsed, has any material improvement been effected in artillery, or the pyrotechnic art much advanced. When Madame Montgolfier first discovered the balloon, it was immediately imagined that aërostation would play a distinguished part in war; and in the exultation of the moment, it may be recollected, that the French Corps de Genie conceived the idea of obtaining, through its instrumentality, some more formidable means of attacking Gibraltar, than the celebrated floating batteries of Count d'Arcon afforded. With, however, one single exception, when, by means of a balloon, Dumourier reconnoitred the enemy's position at Fleures, aërostation has made no figure in war.

In the application of steam to navigation, there appears to be a limit, unless some power hitherto unknown for condensing the fluid should be discovered. The possibility of its application also to artillery and pyrotechny is likewise contingent on the same result. Besides, steam guns are too complicated in their details—too cumbersome in their ensemble, to be ever brought into the field: their use must be confined to casemated batteries.

Upon the whole, the grossly exaggerated conceptions of the power and importance of steam in war, may dazzle for a time the imagination, but they will, we predict, in the end, terminate in the mortification of the projectors.

EPIGRAM.

ON HEARING THAT A GENTLEMAN IN HIS SIXTIETH YEAR HAD COMMENCED BUILDING A MAGNIFICENT MANSION.

GEORGE grown unwieldy, and long past his prime,
Will build him a *new* home. Indeed, 'tis time
He thought about one—be it stone or clay—
That will receive him till the judgment day.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

TERRENCE was a stout, broad-faced, good-humoured *boy* about fifty, who would rather talk than work, and rather sing than do either. He was a sort of agricultural dependant upon Farmer Mullins: he was his hedger, his ditcher, reaper, mower, gardener, and *factotum;* and the farmer, won by his humour and good-nature, kept him as a hanger-on about the farm, more than for any particular industry, of which he was seldom found guilty.

An elderly gentleman, who lodged in the farm-house, had been repeatedly amused with the vocal powers of Terrence, particularly at daybreak, when he had much rather "his morning's winged dreams" had not been broken, as he heard him pass to the stable, where he was to perform the augean process. Terrence had just rested himself on his pitchfork, to give more effect to the last cadence of "*Sheela na Guira,*" when the gentleman complimented him by saying, "You 've a fine voice of your own, Terrence."

"Faith, sir," replied he, "you may say that, and thank God for it; although it had like to have been the ruin of me, so it had."

"The ruin of you, my good fellow, how so?"

"I can soon *incense* you how, sir," said he; "but you should hear the songs first, and by them you will see what they had nearly done for me."

"Well, Terrence," said the gentleman, "if you will come in, in the evening, and sing me the songs, I 'll hear your story, and give you half-a-crown."

"Oh, by dad, that I 'll do! and thank your honour," said Terrence. So accordingly, he brushed his brogues, washed his shining face, put on his long-tailed grey frieze, and made himself "clean and dacent," to go into the priscence, and made his bow among the family party, and commenced "The Groves of Blarney," "The Cruiskeen," "The Boys of Kilkenny," "Donnybrook Fair," and many others, when he came to a full stop.

"Now, sir," says he, "I 'll give you the one that was near the ruin of me." This was none other than "The Wake of Teddy Roe," a song as well known as the *writer, S. W. Ryley, author of the Itinerant;* which, when Terrence had finished, he said, "There, sir, that 's the one; and I never sing it, but I think of the *narrow escape* I had. And now I 'll tell you how that was. I was loading the cart with manure, God help me! one morning, and singing that song, when a gentleman came by, and stood to listen to me. Faiks! I little thought of the mischief he was putting on me. 'You 've an excellent voice,' says he, 'my man, and that 's a good song you 're singing.' 'Faith, I have, sir,' for I had been told it often before; 'and for the song, shure it bates *Bannohir*, and that *bates* all the world intirely.' 'Well,' says he, 'have you any more of them songs?' 'Shure I have, sir,' says I; 'one for every day in the week.' 'Well, then, come up to my house in Dublin, and sing all you know, and I will see what I can

do for you; but would you be afraid to sing them before a large company?' 'Not in the least, sir; the larger the better, and then they'll all hear at once.'

"He tould me where he lived; and accordingly I wint, and was shewn up to a most beautiful drawing-room, where sat one beautiful crater at the *piania*, and another at the harp. 'Terrence O'Farrell,' says I to myself, 'hould yourself up, you're among *quality* intirely;' and sure enough there was a great company. One of the beautiful craters handed me, with her own hands, a glass of wine, saying, 'Take this, Mr. O'Farrell, before you begin.' 'Och,' thought I, '*Mister O'Farrell!*—but I wish my mother heard *that.*' So I plucked up a spirit, and says I, 'I'm obleeged to you, ma'am, for the compliment, but barrin its all the same to you, I'll sing better afther the smallest taste in life of whiskey.' So wid that, the gentleman up and filled a cruiskeen for me, and that made all the differ wid me. 'Will, I sit down, or stand up, sur?' says I. 'As you please,' said the gentleman. 'Well, then, as you're all sated, shure I'd be but one like yourselves, so I'll stand up, then I can give ye the thrue maning.' Well, to be sure, I sang to their intire satisfaction, and grate divarsion they had wid me.

"When I finished, 'Now,' says the gentleman, 'Terrence, I'll give you thirty shillings a week to sing me three of them songs three times a week.' I soon agreed to the bargain; and putting the card he gave me with a trifle of writing on into my pocket, which I did not stop to make out, I made the best of my way home, to tell my mother how my fortune was made all at once.

"Well, as luck would have it, who should be sitting wid my mother but Tim Dooley. Now Tim had been brought up at the Sunday School, and had the gift, more nor any other man, and mighty proud he was—for there was no speaking to him since he larned to read and write—but he'd no notion of *singing.* Well, 'May be,' thought I, 'Mister Tim, you won't be so consequence, when you see who the rich man is before you.' So I up and tould them all I'd done, and sung, and said. May be my mother's eyes did not shine, the ould cratur! and may be she did not bless her son Terry.—Faiks she did; but it was left for Tim Dooley to spoil all.

"'Where is this you are to go to?' says he. 'Och! wait awhile till I show you,' says I. 'Shew me the ticket,' says he; and, taking it out of my pocket, he set up such a howl! 'What's come over you, sir?' says I. 'Och hone! och hone! is it come to this you are?—is it going to disgrace your family you are?—and the mother that's sitting before you? Shure I thought there was some ill wind in the mighty good fortune all of a suddint. But for you to bring your ould mother with sorrow to the grave, by goings on of the like, is what she neither desarves from you, or the likes of you.' 'Let's be knowing my sin,' says I, 'and I'll thank you.' 'Faith here's your sin and your shame before you; and if you go to the place of this present writing,' says Tim, 'why, you're a lost man, that's all!' 'Will you please to give us the benefit of your larning now, and no more words from you,' says I, not very well pleased at the sarmon he was beginning, 'and let's see the way I am going to my ruin?'

'Shure it 's straighforward forenint you here.' And he read the direction—'Mr. Ryder, manager of the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, Dublin!!!' 'Och, save my poor boy!' says my mother. 'And has your mighty fine pipe brought you to this disgrace?' says Tim. 'Och, the spalpeen!' says I, 'to go to make a *tayatrical* of a dacent woman's child! Och, is that the game you 're after, Mr. Ryder? And if I 'd known that, may be but I would have seen you, and all your iligant friends, hanging by the fifth wheel of Pharo's chariot in the Red Sea, before I 'd call up my lungs for your divarsion.'

"Well, I burned the card before their faces, and blessed the star that lit Tim to the cabin that night, to save me from the *narrow escape* I had of being a ruined man by my beautiful voice, bad luck to it! and from becoming a divarting vagabond by Act of Parliament.

K. H.

Dublin.

SONNET.

ON HEARING MISS EMILY ——— PLAY.

'Twas more than music. I have heard those play,
The boast of fair Italia's lute-charm'd plains;
And those who've chaunted half a life away,
Seeking perfection—but not theirs thy strains.
I heard, and ceas'd to feel that I was man.
Strange throbs, and a foretasting of some bliss,
Not fully understood, all through me ran,
As when we dream we feel an angel's kiss:
But when they ceas'd, the echoes to my heart
Rang a sweet knell to peace for ever gone;
From those sweet strains I felt 'twas *death* to part,
Yet had not *liv'd*, had Emily play'd on.

CHIT CHAT.

We once knew an old woman who had sixpence given to her; and what do you think it was for, good reader?—it was for minding her own business; and in our opinion she deserved it. We only wish that this nation of ours would become a candidate for the same honorary testimonial; but at present it appears to attend to the concerns of every other part of the world, to the total disregard of our own. Home has no interest with us; sweet home is as hackneyed in our hearts, as it used to be about the streets by the ballad singers. All our views are foreign—all our ideas are foreign—all our attention must be directed to the distance. It would appear as if we never designed to make use of our eyes, but through the medium of a telescope. Poor laws, corn laws, commercial laws, defiance of all law, and every subject of vital importance immediately under our noses, are all unheeded; we keep our eyes fixed upon the telescope, that we may pry into the affairs of other people; in short, we never shall receive sixpence for "minding our own business."

Have we not a German Association, for the liberty of the press in that country, while our own press is despotic in the land? Have we not a Polish Association, to deplore over the fate of that unhappy, but heroic country, while we pay no attention to the wretched Irish? Have we not an Anti-Slavery Society, dictating to the people in the choice of their representatives, while the cry of the starving artisan, whose family are perishing on straw, is unheeded? Have we not, moreover, two non-interventions to occupy our attention, one between those two rogues, Pedro and Miguel, in Portugal, and the other between Belgium and Holland; and are not these modern non-interventions the most troublesome and expensive affairs in the world? If every thing appears quiet abroad, are we not in a state of restlessness, until, like some amateurs, we can make up a fight between two pugilists; like him, paying the stakes down out of our own pocket, and like him, diddled by the parties, who have agreed before hand which shall win? Are we not like an old gossip, who runs about from house to house, meddling with the affairs of her neighbours, and neglecting all her necessary domestic arrangements? Notwithstanding the lessons we have received, we take no heed, we still keep the telescope to our eyes—and most dearly do we "pay for peeping."

Our philanthropy is equally remarkable. The more distant from us is the object of our solicitude, the greater is the interest we feel. Our operatives may starve at home, children may be sold as slaves to the cotton spinners of Lancashire—sailors may be dragged as slaves to fight for their country, and be hanged as felons if they re-assume their birthrights, which they have defended with their blood—we heed not all this; but if a South Whaler was to bring home authentic intelligence of a disastrous hurricane, with applications for relief from the dominions of "Hoky Poky, the King of the Cannibal Islands," we

should prick up our ears, call a general meeting, and raise a munificent subscription.

We are very free indeed to confess, that we do not understand this; our notions of philanthrophy have always been, that, with charity its synonyme, it begins at home. It has been truly compared by one of our poets, to the effect produced on the surface of the water when a pebble is thrown into the smooth and peaceful lake.

> "The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
> Another still, and still another spreads:
> Friends, parents, kindred, first it will embrace,
> His country next, and last, the human race."

What a remarkably clever fellow that was, who stowed away his watch in the belly of a rabbit for security—we wonder whether the sailor who hove the rabbit overboard, called out as usual, "*watch*, there, *watch!*" We can recommend a very harmless oath to the loser, if he feels at all inclined to swear upon the occasion, which is, "*Od rabbit it!*" So poor Milligan has destroyed himself at last; he came over from Ireland to make his fortune as an author, but somehow or another there was too much of the *fortiter in re* in his compositions—his were really knock-me-down arguments. He tried every thing, but he could not help digging with his pen as with a pickaxe. He was crossing the water with us at Putney Bridge, the other day, and after a little reverie, he observed, "I fully intend to make away with myself, and it's certain it's to be either by shooting or drowning—I rather think the former," continued he, looking at the Thames with a slight shudder; "the water's so bitter cold just now." He went home and shot himself: singular idiosyncrasy, that a man should be afraid of cold water, but not of suicide. The last good thing which we recollect from him, was when Dr. —— and Sergeant P—— were walking by us arm in arm. "Those two are just equal to one highwayman," observed Milligan. "Why so?" "It's a lawyer and a doctor—your *money* or your *life*."

We perceive that Mr. Murray promises us an edition of the Scriptures, with landscape illustrations by Turner, engraved by the Findens. We have often been surprised, as we really are a religious nation, that the fine arts have been so seldom applied to decorate our Bibles. In former times, all the arts were employed in missals and religious subjects. Why not follow up these landscapes with historical engravings, by the best masters? Is it because our zeal as Iconoclasts is not still exhausted? There is a great advantage in an illustrated Bible. We recollect that all our warmest reminiscences of the Scriptures, during our childhood, were coupled with the old plates shewn us and explained to us by our mother in the family Bible; and the Dutch tiles on our grandmother's hearth, who used to read us a lesson from each, as we crowded round the winter's fire. Nothing impresses the beautiful lessons of Scripture so much upon the memory of a child as engravings; and in showing the infant mind the path to heaven, engravings are more efficacious than all the letter-press.

We have nothing novel in the way of sights, except the Panorama

of Stirling Castle, in Leicester-square. We can speak very favourably of it. The castle of Stirling stands out from the canvass with wonderful effect; the distant mountainous scenery, and the river Forth meandering through the valley, altogether form one of the most pleasing panoramas we have ever seen. The old bridge is a very picturesque object. On the whole, we consider this panorama to be highly creditable to Mr. Burford, and the very best production of his pencil.

Have you heard S—— C——'s last? An acquaintance called upon him, complaining that he had two acceptances to take up the next day, which he was unable to meet. "Confound it," said the man, "was ever anything so unfortunate! I wish I was one of those little birds who are hopping about so merrily on the top of the Bank there opposite." "I doubt whether you would gain by that exchange," replied C.; "they are precisely in your situation—have not they also *bills to provide for?*"

We submit to the reader a specimen of punning, which we think is quite as good, (*query*, bad,) as that of Mr. Thomas Hood, Miss Sheridan, or any other punster *par excellence.*

THE USHER AMOROSO.

SCENE—*Dr. Birch's little Study.*

[*Miss Birch knitting, at one and the same time, her brows and a purse. As the scene proceeds, the knitting of her brows* goes off, *and the knitting of her purse* goes on. *The Usher kneeling at her feet, holding a manuscript in his* left *hand, and covering his heart with the hand that is* left.]

Loquitur.—Fairest *maid*, ever *made*, I have *made* a poem on thy *maid*-en charms—*pen*-ned with my *pen*; say not, it is not worth a *pen*-ny. Like that which now holds the purse, it is a *fair round hand.* I would have printed it, if going to the expense of the *type* would have been considered as a *type* of my affections; indeed, the press is a *type* of them, for I long to *press* you in these arms, to be *bound up* with you in marriage, and to behold my charmer *in sheets.*

Legit.—My hands are white, and so 's my face,
But that 's the effect of study, miss!
Yet looking with scholastic grace
Surpasses looking ruddy, miss!
But now we 'll say no more of that—
You surely can't think bad o' me,
As Dr. Birch's usher at
His Classical Academy.

Loquitur.—O, Miss Aspasia! I wish you would follow the example of the little boys—they all like *me* better than *Birch.* We divide the motto: I am the *suaviter in modo*—he is the *fortiter in re.* With me a *pun is made*—with him, only a *pun-is-meant.* I am not *strictly facetious*, but *facetiously strict:* as thus—Young gentleman, *study* to be *silent*, and be *silent* to *study*—Master Wagtail, make an *end* of your

noise, or your *end* will make you make a *noise*—Young gentlemen, I would not wish to *teaze* you by being *cross*, but must request you to *cross* your *t*'s; and as Dr. Birch usually *eyes* your *dots*, be attentive to *dot* your *i*'s.

Legit.—A *supine* that would end in *U*,
I kneel most reverentially;
And when my *case* you would *construe*,
Decline me not *potentially*.
Miss Stubbs's self, I 'm sure of that,
Would any day be glad o' me,
Altho' I 'm only usher at
Your great papa's academy.

Loquitur.—O, Miss Aspasia, when we walk to church, would you but *trouble* yourself to take my *arm*, I would *arm* myself against all *trouble*. That I am forced to turn my back upon you as I walk *in front* and *a-head*, is the very *front* and *head* of all my offending. I look at my *boots*, and I say, what *boots* it? Yes, Miss Aspasia, my boots, shining as your ringlets, spotless as your character, my cravat pure as yourself, and *(aside)* a-hem!—almost as *starched*. Hear me, Miss Aspasia; if ever I prove false, may I never be an *addition* to your sweet self, and in the *subtraction* of your love may I find the *multiplication* of my miseries, and the *compound division* between one and every happiness.

Legit.—Then, lovely miss, receive my hand,
Nor deem my wish too farcical,
A boarding-school we 'll soon command,
Commercial called, and classical;
And when I 'm yours, you never will
Find anything that 's sad o' me,
And little boys will come and fill
Our classical academy.

Loquitur—We 'll call it *Sion* House, and look for hal*cyon* days. Dr. Birch is truly great, but I 'll be greater—for *Birch* shall be at my command. I 'll *usher* in our happiness with an *usher* of my *own*, as soon as I can *own* an *usher*. When *Sion* House is mine, I shall no longer *sigh on*. But with a square acre of blue *board* with *gold letters* as tall as *grenadiers*, give notice that I *board* young gentlemen, teach the *belle lettres*, as well as the young idea how *to shoot*. But *preparatory* to our *preparatory seminary*, let me *sow the seeds* of affection in your *sweet heart*, and call you my *sweetheart*. But I hear the Doctor's *step*, who will not approve of the *step* I am taking. You, dear Aspasia! have made a *false stitch* on *your side*, and I, by kneeling, have *a stitch* in *my side;* I will therefore postpone my last *distich*. I see his *wig*, and must fly from his *wigging*. Recollect, I only came into the *little study* to *study a little* the Greek Lexicon. [*Exit hastily*.

MY AUNT'S POODLE.

"Oh dear, as somebody sublimely sings,
What great effects arise from little things!"
PETER PINDAR.

WOMAN'S heart, so the poets tell us, is formed for love; and that is the reason, I suppose, that when it is denied the more legitimate objects of affection—husbands and children—it attaches itself to some member of the brute creation, with a passion as ardent, and in many cases far more lasting, than the love felt by one human being for another. Husbands have neglected their wives, and wives have grown tired of their husbands—lovers have proved inconstant, and young ladies have "ta'en the carles and left their Johnnies." But when was there ever an old maid known to tire of her darlings? when were her Dutch pug, her parrot, her cat, or her monkey, ever neglected? Seldom, very seldom, is she inconstant to them; and it is rarely, indeed, that she deserts them for a "Johnnie." Certain it is, that ladies have been sometimes known to discard their furred and tailed puppies and monkeys, for whiskered and tailored ones of larger growth, in which perhaps lies the almost only difference between the new favourites and their predecessors; for it is generally to be discovered by the choice of their pets, what manner of men would have found, and might still find, favour in their eyes; for instance, if they cherish a dog, you may infer that they would fall in love with a soldier—good-natured, generous, and affectionate, when he has his own way, but prompt to snap and growl upon the slightest contradiction. If a parrot, they would prefer some grave, sedate, talkative gentleman, who has no objection to tell the same story two or three dozen times a day. If a monkey, they would admire a man who contrives wherever he goes to "play the first fiddle," keeping the company amused with droll anecdotes, commonly of himself. If a cat, her *beau ideal* of manly perfection would probably be some demure, quiet, sly-looking little man, with gravity of appearance and sanctity of conversation.

Having thus advanced a kind of theory, it is but fair to furnish an instance of its application, which shall be taken from my own family. My aunts, the Misses Anne and Eliza Christie, had reached that undefinable period of life, expressed in the language of civilized society by the words "certain age," by which it may be understood, that a boy of twenty would have thought them old, a youth of sixty would have called them young, while to an adult of ninety, they would have appeared as girls; pleasing in their persons, manners, and conversation, they might even have been termed elegant. They were moderately accomplished, that is, they could speak English, French, sing respectably, and accompany themselves on the piano, and were adepts in all the mysteries of the refectory. Sincerely attached to each other, they lived happily together; the only difference between them being that Eliza, the younger, was passionately fond of dogs, *i. e.* soldiers; and Anne, the elder, had an equal affection for cats, *i. e.* lawyers. Such were the heroines of my tale at the period I now introduce them to the public.

It was on a fine spring morning, when the inhabitants of —— Street, Regent's Park, became aware, by the continued utterance of a shrill, unpleasing, and peculiar sound, of the approach of "Punch." At the welcome sound, full many a nursery-maid hurried her tender charges to the

bed-room windows, to refresh their young minds, and her own delighted eyes. Many a cook-maid bustled up the area steps, to gaze at the favourite; and even at some of the parlour windows might be seen the head of the master or mistress of the house appearing for a minute or two above the green venetian; and there, at No. 17, might be seen the two bright eyes of my aunt Eliza intently fixed on some object in the motley crowd, at the opposite side of the way. Was it Punch that attracted that earnest look? Impossible; for his face, like that of Alice Gray in the song, "is turned away," as he is performing for the amusement of poor old Bachelor Fretful's seven little nieces, who are spending the day with him. Was it the nurse-maid? who is too much engaged in witnessing the hanging of the hangman, to perceive that the baby in her arms is in danger of sharing his fate; for the old Jew behind is pulling at its coral necklace, the clasp of which, unfortunately for its little owner, stoutly resists his efforts. Gracious heaven! the baby is getting black in the face! The string breaks; thank God! the child revives, and the Jew is disappointed. The red beads roll upon the pavement, save one, which seemed to be ordained by fate to be the cause of contention, as bounding from the broken string, it hit the baker's boy in the eye; who, thinking it a pea aimed at him by the butcher-boy opposite, shoves him most unceremoniously with his basket; the butcher-boy staggers, and three pounds of beef-steaks, and a half-pound of suet, fall from his tray to the ground. He stumbles over the feet of the tall life-guardsman, who, with great dignity, switches him with his cane across the face, for presuming to tread on his toes. The butcher starts up for revenge; the baker kisses the dust, while his loaves find their way into pockets, old clothes bags, bundles, and baskets. "A ring! a ring!" Some one has snatched the package of silk stockings from under that apprentice's arm—there he is! seize him! "I have him!—No, he is too quick for me. There he runs!—knock him down!" Over goes the old fishwoman with the basket of mackerel. "Stop thief! stop thief! police! police!" Thank the gods! they come, and presently make a clearance.—What was there in such a scene to fascinate the attention of my aunt Eliza? Did you not see the little Italian boy with the white mice? Yes, and the white poodle by his side? Thinking of that, she saw not the half-strangled child; nor the vile old Israelite; nor the broken necklace; nor the insulted baker; nor the ill-treated butcher; nor the dignified life-guardsman; nor the scattered bread; nor the injured apprentice; nor the nimble thief; nor the hapless fishwoman; nor the disseminated mackerel; nor the avenging police;—but she saw the poodle, and nothing but the poodle, and to her eyes it appeared to be in every respect the perfection of its species. Snow never was whiter than its abundant hair; its shape was a model of canine symmetry; its eyes were full of fire and intelligence—and then its tail!!! Possess it she must, let the cost be what it will. A signal brought the Italian to the door; and in about three minutes more, the poodle was in the parlour, and half-a-sovereign in the pocket of the boy.

The first half-hour after the purchase of her treasure, was spent by my aunt Eliza in lavishing on it the most extravagant caresses. It is impossible to say how much time might have been spent in the same manner, had not the entrance of aunt Anne, followed by Thomas, her favourite cat, interrupted her endearments, and that too, not in the most agreeable manner. "Good gracious, Eliza! what have you got there?"

"A perfect *bijou*, the most beautiful engaging little creature that ever existed. Only look at him!" and she held it up in her arms to be admired.

"What a frightful, ugly, little wretch! Surely you have not bought that hideous monster?"

"Hideous! only see him when he is on the ground. Now is he not beautiful?"

But no sooner was Fidèle on his feet, than he seized poor Thomas, who was quietly licking himself on the rug. A pitched battle was the consequence. Tom fizzed and growled; Fidèle snarled and barked. My aunt Eliza, screaming, jumped on a chair; aunt Anne seized the broom, and scolded; while the combatants rolled over and over, and, as they were much of a size, the issue of the fight seemed doubtful; indeed, it is impossible to say how it would have ended, had the belligerents been left to themselves, but as it was, their respective mistresses becoming alarmed for the safety of their pets, interposed, and a separation was effected, but not until their hands and wrists had suffered for their interference.

Many and loud were the lamentations over Tommy's injured fur and Fidèle's scratched nose; much angry altercation passed between the sisters, before it was finally arranged that Fidèle should be chained to the table leg, to obviate, if possible, any more encounters. But now a new trouble arose; aunt Eliza's watch-chain was discovered to be unclasped, and the watch absent without leave. No clue could be found to unravel the mystery of its disappearance. At length, Eliza remembered to have heard something fall on the door-step, as she stooped to raise Fidèle just after she had bought him; and she also remembered to have seen the little Italian pick up something which he shuffled into his pocket, in a manner which might have excited her suspicion, had she not been at the time so fully occupied with her dog. It thus became evident that the watch was gone, very probably for ever. Nor was this the last of the misfortunes attending the purchase of Fidèle: for they presently discovered he was quite a puppy, and had not yet been wormed; for every thing to the extent of his chain round him, bore testimony to the sharpness of his teeth, and the assiduity with which he had employed them. The hearth-rug was divested of more than half its fringe, and two of its corners were gnawed to pieces; the table-cloth had been dragged from the table to the ground—a china vase, filled with flowers, which had been placed on it, lay among its drooping contents, in fragments on the wet carpet; and a novel, that had been incautiously left in a chair, presented as miserably mangled an appearance, as if it had been criticised in the ——— Review. The author of all the mischief, among the ruins he had made, was busily employed, with snarling voice and oscillating tail, in tearing the fur from one of aunt Anne's green morocco boots, that had been warming in the fender, preparatory to a walk in the Regent's Park. Aunt Anne here lost all patience, and declared that if the dog was not wormed it should be hung. Eliza, who was now quite subdued by the accumulated misfortunes of the day, making no objection, they forthwith proceeded with the little culprit in a string, in search of a dog doctor.

During the walk, they were both silent and thoughtful, each regretting the part she had taken in the quarrel of the morning, and each thinking this day the most uncomfortable that they had passed for years. Poor simple souls! how little did they know that these very circumstances which they now looked upon as misfortunes, they should henceforth look back to as the commencement of the brightest and happiest period of their lives.

When my heroines arrived at the dog doctor's unsavoury premises, they were startled by a most multisonant barking, proceeding from about thirty patients of the eminent practitioner whom they had come to consult. At such a greeting Fidèle was, most naturally, exceedingly alarmed, and positively refused to enter, until, after many unavailing efforts to effect her purpose, Eliza was obliged to carry him in; then came another

annoyance, the doctor was engaged with a gentleman at the other end of the yard. The sisters were obliged to wait till he was at leisure; this was very provoking, but this was not all, for Fidèle was now as anxious to run to his physician, as he had been before unwilling to enter his doors; he fidgeted, and pulled, and would not be quiet, at last, he succeeded in making his escape, and scampered across the yard, dabbling his long blue ribbon through every puddle in his way. This was extremely disagreeable, but it must be borne with patience. "Fidèle, Fidèle, poor little fellow! poor little pup! so I have found you again; do you know your old master, my poor fellow?" said the gentleman at the farther end of the yard. Fidèle testified by his obstreperous joy, that he had not lost his memory. The sisters looked at each other with surprise; Eliza, not willing so soon to lose her pet, began calling "Fidèle, Fidèle, come here!" but Fidèle obeyed not the summons, he disregarded the voice; but not so the gentleman, who turning round and approaching the ladies, inquired with the greatest politeness if the dog belonged to them, stating at the same time, that it had been stolen from him about a week since. Whereupon aunt Eliza recounted the particulars of the purchase, and added, that since the animal had found his rightful owner, she could not think of laying any further claim to him, but begged to return him on the spot; to this proposal the gentleman would by no means agree, and after much polite altercation on both sides, aunt Eliza was at last prevailed upon to keep the dog. The necessary instructions having been given to the doctor, the ladies proposed to depart, the gentleman very gallantly opening the gate for them; but just at that moment a drove of cattle happened to be passing, and as single ladies, like married gentlemen, have an unconquerable dread of horns, the sisters deemed it prudent to remain where they were. The cattle were extremely frisky, some being inclined to go any way but the right, and as there were a great many of them, it was some time before my heroines could proceed on their return home; but the stranger had during the delay done his utmost to entertain them, nor had he failed in his endeavours; on the contrary, he had succeeded so well, that my aunts seemed by no means inclined to dispense with his escort home, that is to say, they each looked up the street and down the street, fervently hoping that they might not meet any more cows, and expressing at the same time, the greatest possible apprehension, at the bare thought of such a calamity. Was not this asking for protection? What could a man do in such circumstances, but offer to protect them? Why, wish them good morning, and go about his business. True, that is what any ordinary man might do, but this was no ordinary man, for be it known, *he* was a captain in his majesty's —— regiment of dragoons, and soldiers are notoriously gallant: moreover, he had served for many years in the east, and India gentlemen are proverbially polite. Thus, it is not to be wondered at, that this individual being both the one and the other, should offer to see the ladies safely to their home, and not only offer, but in reality wish, that his offer might be accepted, and so it was, much to the satisfaction of all parties; but before they reached No. 17, another drove of cattle nearly terrified my aunt Eliza into fits, indeed so much was she alarmed, that to prevent falling, she was obliged to avail herself of the captain's proffered arm, and even then, not all his agreeable common-places could restore her flurried spirits to their wonted equanimity, until they reached home, and parted from their escort. The whole of the evening was spent by the sisters in speculations respecting their new acquaintance.

In this state of uncertainty let us leave them, while we pay a visit to the captain at his hotel. In an elegant room in "Mivart's Hotel," sat this *gal*lant and gal*lant* officer alone, enjoying the complicated delights of a cigar, a bottle of old wine, and a beautiful fire, heightened by that cer-

tain feeling of satisfaction and composure, which in general steals over a man after discussing a good dinner, that is, if he be at all of an amiable disposition; and, as he quietly puffed, and puffed away, his thoughts involuntarily recurred to the occurrences of the day—the visit to Juno at the dog doctor's, and the consequent meeting with my aunts. They were nice-looking women, lady-like women, agreeable women; altogether they had left so favourable an impression on his mind, that he thought he should be happy to make their acquaintance; but their attractions to the captain lay neither in their looks, their manners, nor in their conversation, but simply in the fact, that they were timid women: it is inconceivable what a charm timidity is in a woman. "The flush of fear" is exceedingly becoming, besides, terror throws them off their guard, and very often, at the same time, into your arms: and then their tremblings, apologies, and confusion, after the fright is over, are so interesting, that you cannot help pitying the poor little dears, and in that little word *pity*, how much of meaning lurks unseen! The secret then, of the captain's predilection in favour of my aunts, was, that they were frightened, and he protected them, *i. e.* they were weak—he was strong.

Thus stood the feelings of all parties with regard to each other, at the close of the day that saw their first meeting. It now becomes my task to relate the circumstances that occurred on that day's eventful morrow. Morning dawned on —— Street, Regent's Park, but brought no song-soaring lark, no plough-boy's merry whistles, no noise of lowing herds proceeding to their pastures. What, then, was it not enlivened by many other sounds? doubtless, much sweeter to metropolitan ears. How can the shrill quavering of the lark be compared with the deep sonorous "Dust ho! dust ho!" or the plough-boy's whistle, to the oft repeated "sweep!"

The first thoughts of both the sisters were of the captain; their first subject of conversation was the lost watch, both being of opinion that some measures should be taken for its recovery, but both equally at a loss to determine what those measures should be. What a pity it is that poor dear single woman should ever be without a male adviser: so they both thought, which thought aunt Eliza expressed as follows:—"I wish to goodness we had asked that gentleman's advice yesterday, ladies are so much at fault in matters of this kind. Well, I declare, if we meet him again to day, I will consult him on the subject." "So you intend to pay a visit to your dog to-day?" "Of course I do; will not you go with me?" Aunt Anne excused herself as well as she could, not being fond of dogs.

As soon as she had finished her breakfast, aunt Eliza set out on her walk: arrived at the dog-doctor's, she found her favourite in perfect health, and was told by his medical adviser that he might return home with her. He was accordingly liberated; but, in the superabundance of his delight at regaining his freedom, he inadvertently went too near the kennel of a huge mastiff, of a most ferocious aspect, who darting from his house upon the luckless poodle, with a terrific growl seized him in his iron jaws, and———but poor Eliza saw no more; her eyes grew dim, her head swam, and she sank she knew not where. It is said that the sensation of fainting is delightful, while, on the contrary, that of recovering from a faint is almost painful. It may be so with some people, but it certainly was not so with aunt Eliza, her feelings when she swooned being those of mingled horror at the idea of seeing poor little Fidèle torn to pieces, and terror lest she should herself share his fate. How different from those of her recovery! on the first return of consciousness she imagined she was reclining on a sofa, but as her senses gradually returned, she presently found that no ottoman, sofa, chaise longue, or easy chair, was ever half so delightful as her present place of

rest. Where could she be? she strove to raise herself, but she found that she was detained, yet the restraint was by no means unpleasant—at that moment she thought she should have liked to have remained in that state of half consciousness for ever, but it might not be; every moment was restoring her to her senses, and she can now plainly hear the breathing of some one near, and now she feels that her couch vibrates as with the pulse of life, and now she opens her eyes, and sees—can it be?—the eyes of the captain gazing on her face, with an expression very like tenderness? Has she been all this time resting on his shoulder, and has his arm been round her waist? Good gracious, how awkward! She was in some measure relieved from her embarrassment by sundry kind inquiries, couched in the most respectful language. This gave her time to remember that she was no longer a school girl, and that there was nothing so very dreadful, after all, in having fainted in the arms of such a polite, soldier-like, handsome gentleman as the captain. So far all was pleasant enough; but then, poor little Fidèle! O, hang Fidèle! By no means, unless he be rabid; remember he is the hero of my story. Well, well; make haste, and let us get rid of him. Alas, poor poodle! he was so much the worse for the mastiff's *sortie* as to be wholly unable to return home this day. He accordingly was again consigned to the care of his doctor, while aunt Eliza gladly availed herself of the gallant protection of the captain, whom she did not forget to ask, before they had proceeded very far, what steps she was to take for the recovery of her watch; he suggested an appeal to a magistrate, and he would be very happy to escort her and her sister to the office, any day they pleased. This very kind offer called forth from aunt Eliza many acknowledgments, accompanied by so many amusing remarks, that neither party discovered that they were going the wrong way. Aunt Eliza was the first to find out their mistake, and instantly proposed to retrace their steps; but the captain wished to visit the Zoological Gardens, that he might have the pleasure of introducing his fair companion to a most remarkable monkey that he himself had brought from the East; but at such a proposition the lady's prudery was aroused, and she politely declined on the plea that her sister would be alarmed by her protracted absence. It was therefore finally agreed that the captain should call on them in the afternoon, and take them both to pay their respects to his *protégé*, Monsieur Jacko. When they arrived at No. 17, a cloud, which had been for some time threatening, at last fell with a heavy pour. Under this circumstance, aunt Eliza found little difficulty in persuading her companion to come in till the weather cleared up; aunt Anne insisted on his taking some refreshment, after which all the events of the morning were discussed, the propriety of an appeal to the magistrate canvassed again, and the projected zoological treat arranged. Goodness me, how time flies! Can it be so near the dinner hour? It is too true—dinner will be ready in half an hour, and the rain continues to fall. Aunt Anne ventured to give the visitor a hint, but he would not, or could not, take it. Ten minutes more gone—a savory smell finds its way through the hall; another hint, but all in vain. Only five minutes more, and it will be on the table. Now aunt Anne was a careful housewife, as regular as clock-work, and nothing put her sooner out of temper than any breaking in on the regularity of her hours. She began to get fidgetty; the clock strikes; she is out of patience. Well, if he will not go, let him stay and dine with us, or the fowls will be burnt to cinders, and the bacon boiled to rags. An invitation was accordingly given and accepted, but no sooner had the "with much pleasure" passed the lips of her guest, than she felt how foolish a thing she had done. Here was an utter stranger, of whose very name she was ignorant, and whom she had only seen once before in her life, advanced at once to the intimacy of a long acquaintance. At this

moment, too, she remembered that almost all impostors dress *en militaire* —and, horror of horrors! there sat her guest, buttoned up to the chin in a beautiful blue, braided, and frogged surtout. This was the confirmation of her worst fears. Yes, she was going to sit down to dinner with a swindler; yes, it was for him that the fowls and bacon smoked upon the board, for him that the servant was decantering a bottle of her best wine, for him that an extra knife and fork was laid at the bottom of the table —a silver fork, too. Alas! she could not tell how soon that, and every other article of value in the room, might find its way into the pockets of the odious stranger. Gracious! how he is eyeing the salt-cellar next him —in another moment he will snatch it up. No, he turns away, but that is only because he knows he is watched. What is he looking for now? O, doubtless for a place to make his escape at. She never was so much frightened in her life. All this comes of buying that detestable poodle; if it had not been for it, this fellow would never have got into her house, nor have taken away all her appetite for her dinner. There, now, he has taken up the table-spoon; her heart beats so fast, that she is almost suffocating. He speaks—"Shall I have the pleasure to assist you to a potato?" She can breathe again, but still her apprehensions were not yet laid aside, for she yet continued to watch him most scrupulously, nor would she join in the conversation, but remained silent, or only answering in monosyllables, till at last the captain, tired out by her taciturnity, turned to aunt Eliza, and addressed his conversation entirely to her; while she, as if determined to make up for her sister's coldness and reserve of manner, with the most friendly cordiality, laughed and joked with him as carelessly as if he had been all her life her intimate friend. Nor was the matter mended by an adjournment to the drawing-room, for Eliza, at the request of the captain, after a proper portion of coquetry, seated herself at the piano, he, as in duty bound, standing by her side to turn over the leaves of her music-book. Thus poor aunt Anne found herself neglected; at first she tried to seek amusement in a book, but she was constantly being interrupted. Now, by some accident, the music-book falls upon the keys, and now they have blown out the candle, by turning the leaves too quickly. What are they laughing at? how tiresome it is to have people so merry, when you cannot join in their joke, as it was evident that neither the one nor the other regarded her in the least. So she determined to lay aside her haughty coldness, and take a share in their merriment, particularly as she now remembered that this very man, who she suspected of being a swindler, was going on the morrow to introduce them to a magistrate, from whom they would probably learn his name and rank. She accordingly determined to join them at the instrument, and in about ten minutes more she had taken the second in "The Minute-gun at Sea," which was quickly followed by "All's well," &c. till the time-piece on the chiffoniere struck twelve, when the captain took his leave.

"What a delightful day we have had," cried my aunt Eliza; "and what a charming man he is!" To which aunt Anne, making no reply, Eliza added, "Do not you think he is very agreeable—hum?"

"He is very well," answered aunt Anne.

"Is that all you can say? Why, I think he is quite——" But what she might have added cannot be ascertained, for here she stopped, while Anne proceeded to tell all the suspicions that had so tormented her brain in the beginning of the evening, at which she was not very well pleased to hear her sister laugh aloud, call her apprehensions absurd and foolish, and at last finish by wondering how she could be so silly. It was evident that they were both losing their tempers, and as they never liked to quarrel, they without any further parley parted for the night.

As for the captain himself, he felt the truth of Moore's assertion, that

"She who feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings."

Next morning, faithful to his appointment, our incipient lover appeared at No. 17, just as the clock struck eleven. The ladies were not quite ready, that is to say, he had to wait for them at least three-quarters of an hour. Anne was the first to make her appearance, Eliza was ten minutes later; and it was evident that an unusual degree of care had been bestowed upon her dress; certainly it was arranged very becomingly, and she looked extremely pretty, which was not lost upon the captain. At last they started, in a carriage hired by the gentleman for their accommodation, which piece of gallantry had the effect of entirely clearing away from aunt Anne's mind any little lurking suspicion of his respectability, that might have survived the events of the last evening. When they arrived at the magistrate's house, the captain sent up his card requesting a private audience, which being granted, he handed the ladies into an apartment where stood his worship, a tall, thin, quiet-looking man, with a pair of sly grey eyes, a long thin nose, and an expression of countenance indicating that kind of sagacity which is commonly known by the words "'tis impossible to overreach him." The captain explained the object of their visit, after which, his worship, turning to the ladies, demanded which of the two had lost her watch; but from aunt Eliza's evidence nothing certain could be gained, except that the watch was lost, all the rest was "she thought" and "she fancied," which was in law as good as nothing. He then proceeded to interrogate aunt Anne: her statements were more to the point. As she was returning from a walk on the day of the robbery, she positively saw the stolen property in the hands of the boy, to whose person she could swear; and she was also sure she should be able to recognize the Jew. Here she related how she had watched them from a shop window. Whereupon his worship complimented her on her quickness and forethought. He then cross-questioned her, but found no variation in her story. He declared that he had never before heard, especially from a lady, so clear, circumstantial, and distinct a statement as hers, and playfully asserted that she would have made an excellent lawyer. Aunt Anne was naturally flattered, and consequently pleased with his worship; who, moreover, promised to do his utmost for the recovery of the watch. The business being so far settled, aunt Eliza was handed into the carriage by the captain, and aunt Anne by the magistrate; the door was shut, and the driver ordered to the Regent's Park.

They had now discovered the name and rank of their military friend—this was satisfactory; and they had also made a new acquaintance—this was an advantage, so both the sisters were very well pleased. As for their companion, Eliza looked so pretty, and evidently with so much admiration at him, that he was equally pleased. From this time the captain called every day, flirted with my aunt Eliza all the morning, and stayed to dine with them at least three times a week. Thus was a month spent without any tidings of the watch. At last my aunts received a summons to attend at the magistrate's, as a lad and a Jew had been apprehended on suspicion, and they were required to identify them. They both swore to the Italian boy, but as the evidence was only circumstantial, it was at one time thought that nothing could be proved against them, but by dint of a little intimidation, the culprit was induced to confess his crime, and the Jew told where he had pawned the lost trinket. Alas! misfortunes often intrude themselves even upon the most prosperous transactions, for, on leaving the office, aunt Anne slipped, and fell, and in the fall sprained her ancle. The pain was so excessive, that for some time she could not be moved, and was at last obliged to be lifted into the carriage. The next morning brought kind inquiries from his worship; and the next being Sunday, brought his wor-

ship himself. This gentleman had been originally educated for the law, but having by the death of a relative, come into the possession of a large property, he had retired from the bar, and became one of the great *unpaid*. He had been long looking among his acquaintances for a lady with whom he might enjoy the pleasures of a domestic life, but year after year passed away, and he still remained single; till, at last he was in danger of becoming that most miserable of all animals, an old bachelor. But why should I go on? suffice it then to say, that, in about three months after the commencement of this narrative, the Misses Christie were no more, not that they were dead, but that they were married, which event was announced in all the papers of the day. But as I am in duty bound not to divulge the names of our captain and the magistrate, I must not copy the advertisements.

And now, by way of conclusion, let me beg of all single ladies and gentlemen not to despise trifles, as, from the perusal of the above, they will perceive that they sometimes lead to the most important results. There is another subject on which I wish to make a few parting remarks. Now, I am not superstitious, but yet such curious coincidences often occur, as almost to convince even the most incredulous: for instance, soon after aunt Eliza's meeting with the captain, three candles were placed on the table, entirely by accident, all in a row; and on the day that aunt Anne first saw his worship, she thrice stumbled up the stairs. If these were not omens, what were they? and if they did not portend weddings in the family, what did they portend? I do not presume to give my opinion, but let facts speak for themselves.

Alas, poor Fidèle! and alas, poor Tommy! Their melancholy fate alone is left now to be told. My aunt's poodle died of the injuries it received from the unruly mastiff, and poor Tommy, it is supposed, was stolen for his fur, and both were consigned to oblivion without monody, elegy, requiem, or even the regrets of their mistresses, which, to say the least, was very ungrateful, who were too much engaged with their new favourites to be able to think of their four-footed predecessors.

CLAVERING'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.[1]

CONTAINING OPINIONS, CHARACTERS, &c. OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

This bedeviling of names is very indiscreet: it gives the army of detractors from pedigree, pretences for treating this branch of knowledge as nothing but empty and delusive charlatanism! This is delightful to those who dare not go up even to their own fathers: for there are now many such among the peerage! As to pedigree too, what is the pedigree of a country squire of five centuries, unless there be a personal brilliance? I think the peerage ought to be open to bright intellectual powers, highly cultivated, and nobly exercised,—whatever be the birth! But charlatanism, intrigue, bold assumption, reckless jobbery, ought not to be successful! The public loathes such men! It will not endure to have them put over its head: and it alienates all the old houses,—the natural supporters of the monarchy, and the aristocracy! Wherever there has been an abuse of honour in a nation, there the aristocracy has been gradually destroyed. Such was the case in France. In the Neapolitan kingdom, and elsewhere on the continent, the title even of *prince* is in no estimation, because it has been prostituted to low and mean people. The relative estimation and precedence of families is there bestowed, without regard to titles, but to acknowledged descent. The Germans are strict in their genealogies, and many of those in Italy are well proved. I once examined them with care, and had them all on my memory;—but they have faded away with age.

John Pinkerton having seen me for some days together examining this class of books and MSS. at the British Museum, contrived to mutter some expressions of contempt, directed at me in my hearing, which I at first passed over unnoticed. I knew his bitter temper, and that he possessed a sort of scorn, which arose from mingled self-conceit and presumptuous estimate of his own talents and knowledge, and partly from envy, jealousy, and hatred. He was a little, ugly, mean man, with monkey-features, pitted with the small pox, a swarthy, yet pale complexion, and snarling, snappish manners. At length I frowned, and expressed a few words of haughty disdain. This drew from him a volume of scurrilous abuse. I could only silence him by telling him at last, that I would knock him down; for he had no personal courage.

Some years afterwards I met him in the Royal Library at Paris. He was then old, decrepit, and spirit-broken. He passed his last days in poverty and obscurity in that great capital. He was not without talent, originality, and various knowledge;—but over-estimated by his cotemporaries, and still more by himself! His History of Scotland is a work of research, and has many interesting passages; but his taste was irregular, and often corrupt and absurd. His tem-

[1] Continued from p. 298, vol. v.

per was mischievous, and his habits and morals unamiable. He had no fixed principles. He married a sister of Bishop Burgess, with whom he did not live well. It is extraordinary that Horace, Lord Orford, could bear with him:—but to what will not flattery reconcile us?

The subject of genealogy recalls to my mind the life of Sir William Dugdale, published by the late Mr. Hamper, of Birmingham. It consists of his diary, and a few letters, not very interesting: but still these minutiæ of a man so very useful in his own department, though dull and of humble abilities, are very precious. I corresponded some years ago with Hamper, when he commenced his antiquarian pursuits:—he was not a man of original education, but industrious, exact, and trust-worthy. I never saw him. I think he was much occupied in parochial business.

I had a correspondence with Charles Dunster of Sussex—a scholar who was patronized by Lord Egremont. He was a poetical antiquary, and wrote annotations on Milton, and other things, which I now forget. He had talents, erudition, and taste. He died at a middle age, having long suffered in extreme ill health.

The late Rev. Mr. Blakeway, of Shrewsbury, I was well acquainted with. The last time I saw him was at Calais. He would have been pleasant in conversation, if he had not been very deaf. He was full of intelligence, and of fair secondary talents; but mainly laborious, and somewhat too wearisome in a troublesome and useless minuteness. He talked to me much of his friend, Charles Powlett, a clergyman, the grandson of Polly Peachum, to whom Lord Darlington had lent Shrewsbury Castle, and who had married a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Temple, of St. Gluvias, in Cornwall. He said he was a little man, with a Powlett face, fond of light literature—and a writer of verses—but much more deaf than himself, and incapable of hearing without a trumpet. I read of his death two or three years ago in the Gentleman's Magazine. I never fell in his way—though I knew his uncle, at Itchenstoke, near Winchester, fifty years ago—a man of great wit, famous for writing excellent hunting songs. I used to meet him at Hackwood, where he was famous for drawing out men to make themselves ridiculous, and where he used to lay traps to make Lord Belgrave quote Greek; and Tom Grosvenor play the buffoon; and Lord Stawel act the huntsman, snap his whip, and go over the vocabulary of the chase: and poor Lord Barrymore, who was gentlemanly with all his absurdities, perform harlequin!

Hampshire recalls to me an anecdote, which I think I have not related before. The king, George III., was hunting in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, when he fell into conversation with William Chute, of the Vine, the county member, who could answer his majesty's inquisitiveness as to names of places and persons through which they passed. When they came to a certain old manor-house, which had some curious fragments of antiquity, the king exclaimed, "What is that, Mr. Chute—what, what, what?" Chute smiled, and hesitated—the king repeated his question; "Why, please your majesty," said Chute, who was bluntness itself, "that is a manor held of your majesty, by the tenure of finding your majesty a concubine

whenever you come this way!" The king exclaimed, "What, what, what? Mr. Chute! heh! heh! heh! Mr. Chute! I believe I shall stop my horse, and take some refreshment there! But are there pretty girls there, Mr. Chute? are there pretty girls there?" "Please your majesty," replied Chute, with sufficient familiarity, "Shall I go and see?" But a loud *tally-ho* sounded at that moment, and off they all went at a full burst! At the end of a famous run, which delighted the king, his majesty again found himself by the side of Chute. "Ah! hah! Mr. Chute!" cried the king, "where are we now?" "Please your majesty," Chute replied, drolly enough, "We are twenty miles from the master of the concubines!" The king burst into a loud laugh, and said, "Very well, Mr. Chute! very well indeed!" Chute himself related to me this story the very day after it happened. It was about the same time that the Prince of Wales hired Mr. Dehaney's house at Kempshot, in that neighbourhood, where I used to dine, and where the prince, who loved buffoonery far beneath his dignity, made a sad buffoon of old Poyntz. His royal highness never took any such liberties with me; but there were several in the neighbourhood of whom he made fools. The Duchess of Bolton (a Lowther) kept up her dignity with him. I remember a little, ugly, bowlegged, Tommy Tinker, about the prince, fifty years ago, of whose fate I have never heard. When Ranelagh was in fashion, the prince used to frequent it; and often had a strange set about him. When the prince invited himself to dine with old Poyntz, at Midgham, in Berkshire, where every thing was dilapidated, the old man very wisely gave him a farmer's dinner, and his royal highness affected to be pleased with the novelty. Unfortunately his royal highness often encouraged by his familiarity those whose society he admitted, to take liberties, and then infallibly resented it, and threw them off. I have known several with whom he was long upon the most intimate terms, and then entirely separated from them, and never spoke to them. He sometimes indulged himself in personal resentments unbecoming his lofty station.

The Duke of Bolton in his latter days, had at first sight the appearance of a driveller: he sat at table apparently insensible; but when particular topics were touched, he came forth with appropriate words, like *Edith Elspeth*. In the great hall, at Hachwood—once the hawking room—I have sat down to dinner for a succession of days, with thirty people, of mingled society—rank, genius, fashionables, drolls, squires! At eight in the evening, dark, windy, snow, or rain, to the door came the duke's carriage, with four post horses, from Basingstoke. The duke was led out from the table, (for he could not walk without help,) entered the carriage, and after driving an hour or two on the public road, came back, entered the drawing-room, and joined the card-party. Compare this with what Burnet says of his ancestor, the first duke. The first marquis was lord treasurer to several of the Tudor dynasty—and lived to ninety. Every one knows that he was "*a willow, and not an oak!*" In the rebellion, Lord Charles Powlett, brother of the then marquis, betrayed Basing Castle to the parliamentarians, and was seized, and carried a prisoner to Oxford. (See *Dugdale's Diary.*)

At a house in this neighbourhood, I saw the portrait of one of the sons of Lord Sands, of the Vine, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who, according to Holinshead, was hanged for a highway robbery. Afterwards the times of peace, in the gentlemanly reign of James I., became destructive to men of the sword, brought up in the stirring age of the heroic queen, his predecessor.

In that neighbourhood was an old house, formerly belonging to the Lords Stawel, and latterly rented by Mrs. Ricketts, sister to the old Admiral Lord St. Vincent, which every one believed to be haunted. Mrs. Ricketts was thus driven from it. The strangest stories were told, which seemed to be well vouched.

The ghost of old Sir George Powlett, of Crundal, near Odiham, brother to William, the first Marquis of Winchester, is said still to haunt a village where he inhabited, and at which I occasionally visited a friend. I confess I once thought I saw him on the lawn, in the twilight of a summer evening.

Ghost stories stir the blood, and make the hair stand on end. There is a painful interest in them. Old Price, of Kent's Red-Book, told me one of a house in that neighbourhood, called Deane, near Wingham, which all the servants swore was haunted. It belonged to Sir Henry Oxenden, and the story related to his grandfather, Sir George, who married a Drench, of Berkshire, and whose sister, Mrs. Thomson, was a great beauty, and, if my memory does not fail me, is mentioned in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters. Old Sir George was a gay man, and supposed to have been the real father of George, the third Earl of Orford, who was succeeded by his uncle Horace. Mr. Robert Pyott also confirmed this story told me by Price.

Pyott was a nephew of Sir Robert Burdett, of Formask, in Derbyshire, grandfather of Sir Francis. He introduced me to Mr. Mundy, of Markeaton, near Derby, another nephew of Sir Robert, and a poet, author of Needwood Forest; a dark, grave-looking, long-faced, handsome man—of considerable genius, but shy, reserved, and morbid. He married his first cousin, Sir Robert's daughter. In his youth he quarrelled with Sir Robert, and satirized him in one of his early poems, as having commenced a rough, plain, country squire, and having turned courtier when he married the Duke of Rutland's daughter, Sir Harry Harpur's widow, for his second wife. Sir Robert was a weak man, who yet supported well the country gentleman's character, and lived to a good age. He kept house handsomely at Formask, which he rebuilt, not with much taste. The present baronet never lives there—I know not why.

The mother of the present Lord Londonderry was daughter of Lord Chancellor Camden. She was liable to great fluctuations of mind; but Mrs. Montagu told me that when well, she was one of the most eloquent persons she ever conversed with. She could not bear Ireland, nor the habits or manners of those to whom she had allied herself.

Sam Richardson, though an eloquent and inventive genius with his pen, was a twaddle in conversation, and liked no society but women, old and young, who would flatter him, and to whom he could read his Clarissa and Grandison, and with whom he could talk about his own

writings. I knew Mr. Crowther, a surgeon, who married one of his daughters—a good man, unaffected, and eminent in his profession.

Once, when I was quartered at Rochester, I became acquainted with old Bennet Langton, Johnson's friend, then in a militia regiment, and his wife, the Countess of Rothes. They introduced me to a Dr. Pinnel, a prebendary there—a *littérateur*, and an excellent versifier. This rhymester had a sister, the widow of a Mr. Hallet, a ship-builder or ship's-husband, who had a son, a large squinting man, who knew every body, and could pass from one end of the kingdom to the other without resorting to an inn, but had a troublesome curiosity very annoying to his hosts. He no sooner entered a house than he measured all the rooms, striding across from one end to the other, and when he had made his measurement, never forgetting it, so that he could tell the comparative size of almost every seat in the kingdom. He had bought a house on Barham Down, near Canterbury, close to the race-course, which looked something like a cake-house. His nephew, a Mr. Hughes, a clergyman, was, as I understood, when at Shornecliffe, hospitable to the military, but I never knew him. Dr. Pinnel was a schoolfellow of old Sir Henry Oxenden, for whom he made verses, which the vain old baronet passed off for his own.

I met Mr. Seward in that neighbourhood, the author of the Anecdotes—a good-natured, light, gossipping man. He was son of a brewer. His sister was married to Mr. Kenrick, a clergyman, at Chelham, near Ashford, father of the late Welsh judge, who made himself so unluckily conspicuous.

Chelham Castle was rebuilt by Sir Dudley Digges, an active parliamentarian, mentioned by Lord Clarendon. I dined there with its then possessor, Sir —— Heron, who had bought it, and had been town clerk of Newark-upon-Trent. He was father of Sir Robert Heron, M.P. Mr. Wildman, the son of Mr. Beckford, West India agent, now possesses it.

Close to Mr. Hallett's is Bissons, which belonged to the celebrated mathematician, Dr. Brooke Taylor, lately sold to the Marquis of Conyngham for nearly one hundred thousand pounds, by Sir Herbert Taylor's elder brother. It was hired three or four years ago by Lady Byron, the poet's widow.

The last time I was at Dover, I remained there a week. A military friend promised to introduce me to Mr. Gleig, at Ashe, near Sandwich, the author of the Curate; but, unluckily, Gleig was absent. He drove me over from Dover one morning in his gig, through Wingham. Ashe is an ugly, dull village, and Gleig's house abuts on the road of a bye-lane. We came back somewhat circuitously by Lord Guilford's, at Waldershare—a handsome seat, with a considerable park.

Dover is become a public bathing-place. Lord Hawarden was there, and old Lord Boyne was at the Hotel—and General Sir Charles Wale had a house—and Mr. Wykeham Martin, of Leedes Castle—and Mr. Papillon of Acrise, a little withered old man—and Mr. Ballender Kerr—and the Rifle Corps, which had some agreeable men in it. An old rich Mrs. Rice, a banker's widow, was called the queen of the town. She had a tall son, who sometimes visited her, and who had lately been sheriff of the county.

The Castle of Dover is magnificent, and the country round picturesque. I had two or three amusing days with Sir William Wraxall, though he was then very ill. He was still full of anecdote.

I was told some amusing anecdotes of old John Lyon, a former minister of one of the parishes, who was an antiquary as well as a man of science, and had published collections for the history of the town and castle, as well as some treatises on electricity. He was ingenious, but vulgar and half educated, having been originally a shoemaker. He was a good man, but eccentric, and sometimes ridiculous.

I went to see some memorials of the Yorke family in St. James's church, and there found some epitaphs and hatchments of them. The *blue saltier* was without the the *torteaux*, which I suppose the heralds added. I found an impalement of *Yorke* and *Gibbon*.

At the Victualling-office, I was told, the present Right Honourable Sir Henry Russell was born. The heralds have assigned him a coat, in allusion to the Worcestershire Russells. His father assumed those of the house of Bedford.

I asked about Sir E. Brydges, who had estates in that neighbourhood. I found he was not liked. They said he was a grave, melancholy man—without anecdote, and the worst story-teller they ever knew! A neighbour who heard this, said, that this censure was far too severe, and that those who knew him intimately had a different opinion. He was now almost forgotten here, for he had lived many years on the Continent. He was a great book-worm!

When old Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King, called "cunning Isaac," endeavoured to coax me into entering my pedigree at the Heralds' College in London, I soon had tact enough to see that he meant to pick my pocket. "It is entered at Dublin already," said I, "my friend, Sir Isaac." "Very true, very true, very true," answered he; "but we do not hold that for any thing." "The devil you do not," I replied; "why, for an Irishman—a *Strongbowian*—surely that is the proper office!" "Ha, ha, hah!" he grinned, and put on a face between a fool and a knave; "why, Sir Chichester Fortescue, your Ulster king, we hold him for a noodle, a noodle doodle!—a job, a job, you know. I dare say you know well enough all about Irish jobs! all jobs—Irish jobs! So Sir Chichester Fortescue, a half-pay captain in the navy, was put in! What does he know about pedigree?"—"O my dear Sir Isaac," I answered, "have you not overshot yourself there? Why, were you not yourself the mate of a merchantman, and shipwrecked too? Look at that pretty hieroglyphic coat of arms you have granted to yourself." "O yes, yes, yes! ha, ha, hah! but I was young then—I was young then. Besides, the shipwreck put all sea matters out of my head, and I was ready for a new set of ideas! ha, ha, hah! he, he, heh!" "Ideas!" I thought to myself, "you have no ideas now, but all sorts of dirty and money-getting tricks! But I will let you go on to play the fool, that I may see the extent of your rope." He showed me all the entries of the Claverings in his own College, but could show no positive joining-place for me: at the same time he pointed out half a dozen, where, if I would allow him to search, he had a chance of fixing me on. "Pray, Sir Isaac," I said, "do not give yourself this trouble. I have in Ire-

land the original deed, which demonstrates the particular ancestor from whom I branched off." "Ah, Irish deed!" he repeated; "Irish deed! Ha, ha, hah!" But he was not a fool; all this was sheer cunning, to draw fish into his nets. His successor was not more honest, nor less treacherous, but a far weaker and more ignorant man. The last was the son of a small apothecary at Gloucester, put in by the D—— of N——, to favour his electioneering interests in that city, and when Heard died, put over the heads of all his superiors—men of eminence and honour! Could he have completely effectuated his scheme, of forcing all the new military and novel Knights of the Bath to enter their pedigrees, and take out their arms, he would have made a large fortune by it. As it was, he sent in bills to many of them, as if it had been done. They stared, and remonstrated, and cried, "I have entered no pedigree, and taken out no arms!" "Ah, no," he replied; "but you *ought* to have done it, and so I am entitled to make the charge! If you do not pay, I will go to the Secretary of State's office and have your name erased, and get an order that you shall not wear the ribbon and star, or use the title!" —I once had a conversation with an eminent barrister, now a great judge and noble peer, on this subject; probably he does not recollect it. I thought his doctrine, I confess, a very strange one, and most boldly assert that he was wrong: but great lawyers are sometimes very foolish men in private conversation.

In consequence of the new energies given by the French revolution, the English poets of the last age have been considered tame, compared with those of the present. I am afraid that a great deal of the modern fire has been a false fire—a hot-house fire, and the plants fostered by it will soon decay. These tame old poets, though long in their graves, continue to please readers of a chastised taste. The Wartons, Cowper, Beattie, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, Mason, are still perused with delight—not, indeed, (except Gray,) like Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Thomson, but still with a sober pleasure, which only three or four of the living are likely to give five years after the grave has closed over them. Beattie's *Minstrel* has, throughout, a true poetical tone, but it is not sufficiently varied: the second canto lags, and becomes languid. Beattie's low spirits made him latterly resort to an excess of stimulants, and I have seen him make himself very ridiculous at the feet of the old Duchess of Gordon.

Latterly I knew something of Sir Humphry Davy. He might have been a poet, if he would. He was a wonderful man, but had many weaknesses and foibles. He had not merely a just pride, but an unbecoming vanity. He was a gourmand, and he had the littleness to desire to be thought an aristocrat of fashion; yet by a strange contradiction of humour, he would often have the magnanimity to shut himself up in solitude, and devote himself to his own energetic and admirable creations, or searches of profound discovery. His first education was defective, and he was not a classical scholar. He was not an ill-looking man; his features were rather regular, but of a common cast.

As to old, bulky, heavy Sir Joseph Banks, he was a man of great science in particular branches, but not of much literature. He was born to a large Lincolnshire fortune, but of a new family. His father,

or grandfather, had been an attorney or land-agent, and had got hold of large tracts of wet land, which were soon after drained, and quintupled in value, as has been the case with the property of Lord Yarborough, Orby Hunter, &c. &c. Sir Joseph's early feats are known by Cook's Voyages, and that late justly popular little volume, the *Account of the Mutiny of the Bounty*, ascribed to Mr. Barrow. My memory begins to fail me now, but I think there were some piquant lines to Sir Joseph in *The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, of which the points are now said to have been furnished by Horace Walpole, and the versification *buckramed* by Mason.

As an anonymous writer, priding myself on my secrecy, I have been little known as an author to many of those with whom I frequently conversed. They considered me as a gay, babbling, thoughtless Irishman, shooting with a long bow, and always ready to fight rather than to meditate, read, and make books. Nothing was so far from their suspicion as the multitude of books I had really made, and books, too, which, though now forgotten, had a large sale. How often have I enjoyed the secret fun I made of them, when they had not the remotest guess whence it came! Demure-looking Lord K—, with his little pig-tail, looking like a clerk in an assurance-office or bureau of a Diligence, was a constant peg to hang my jokes on. He looked pale and white, as if he had never got a glass out of his rich old father's single bottle of wine. "*Angels* defend us!" he cried, "against this reckless banterer. What! not *angels* and a *coronet* together sufficient to form a *shield* for us!"

The two last men I remember in the Lower House with pig-tails or clubs were the late Sir E. K. and H. A., Under-S—— of S——. Sir E. affected sometimes to be a wag, though a coarse one; H. A. was grave, especially when he was drowsy with his quantum. Sir E. came behind him as he was sitting on the Treasury bench, and taking up his club, rapped it on his back, like a footman's sound of a knocker. "Ah, brother H., brother H.," he cried, "I see we are the two last of the fashion, and here, too, we are almost left alone in the House. Let us go up stairs, my boy, and have a jolly bottle together." I never saw a man look so grave as H. A., his dignity was hurt; and besides, though early in the afternoon, he had had more than enough already. I sat in the front row of the gallery, and actually heard this, for a few straggling members only were waiting below, and the Speaker had not yet entered. Poor H. fell a victim to a broken constitution not long after; even his club would not preserve him from the stroke of that cruel fellow, Death; and Sir E. followed him long before he had attained the age which is said to be allotted to man. So club and tail were covered by the grave; and then the monkey's face succeeded to the yeoman's, but it was the monkey without a tail!

A DAY WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A YEAR or two before Sir Walter (he was then Mr. Scott) publicly declared himself the author of the Waverley novels, I had the good fortune to spend a large portion of one day in his company, at Jedburgh. In the forenoon some youngsters and I went along with him to call on a gentleman, who resided in an ancient mansion, where the unfortunate Queen of Scots, Mary Stuart, once lay sick for several days; and where also were to be seen some very interesting antiquities. Scott was a stranger to him whom we were to visit, and who was represented to be a person of the finest character, but who, for years, had been weighed down by sore bereavements, avoiding all society save that of his own household. Aware, however, that Scott was in the neighbourhood, he invited him and his friends to visit the chamber that had been consecrated by royalty, and the relics there deposited.

As we ascended the stone stairs that led to the principal apartments of the ancient edifice, I remember that the poet simply but touchingly pronounced these words, "Poor thing, Mary trod these!" And when we were in the small and dingy chamber where she had lain sick, he, as I thought, well sustained the part that became the sensible but high-souled author of the Abbot. Among the antiquities shown, there was Claverhouse's pistol, which had been found in his grasp on the field of Killicrankie. I narrowly watched the Great Unknown, as he critically inspected the weapon that had been handled on many a dire occasion by the chivalrous and bloody Clavering. When he returned it to the owner, he said something studiedly general about the oppressor and his victims. But this assumed equanimity was broken by the gentleman again handing it back, and adding, as it seemed, on a second thought:—"Let me beg, Mr. Scott, that you will accept of this pistol from me, that it may be kept in your museum, a much fitter place than this for it." "No, by no means," was the answer: "no doubt I pretend to be a bit of an antiquarian, but I hate to be like a beggar." Upon this, the other party repeated his desire, and said, "It is you who should be the custos of Claverhouse's pistol, and you will oblige me by accepting of it." "Well, then," Scott replied, whilst his visage betrayed conviction, and it might be pride, "I do accept of your very precious gift, but only on this condition, that you will at an early date come and spend with me at Abbotsford a fortnight, and see whatever I have that is worthy to be seen." The invitation was sometime afterwards accepted.

After we took our leave, Scott said in his charming manner, "However much I may think of old swords, pistols, and the like, I would rather lose all that I have of the kind, than an opportunity of doing a good turn, that may be highly serviceable to such a rare man, as I understand that gentleman to be: and who knows but I may be the means of weaning him from his brooding melancholy?"

Where we dined, our hostess informed Scott of the narrow escape of a young lady in the neighbourhood who had been pursued by an angry bull, and who had not yet recovered from a serious illness brought on through her terrible fright. "And wad ye believe it?" added she, "her hair has already grown grey, and it is thought will become white in another week, if it gangs on as it has done." This aroused the then Great Unknown, and led him into a train of discourse, and to narrate a series of anecdotes in his most felicitous style. Probably he was the most entertaining and instructive man in his conversation that was ever listened to. It was plain, free, and without parade; but apt, rich, and infinitely diversified: abounding with remarkable knowledge, surpassing wisdom, and benevolence. The soundness of his judgment, or of his common sense, was so predominating, and there was in all his views such a manliness, such a breadth, strength, and wealth, as to render him positively mighty. So that in his loftiest romancings, there was weighty, sober thinking. In truth, his whole history, public, private, and literary, was one unvaried paraphrase, one bright illustration of the man. He was the chieftain of all Scotland—the chief of men.

It has often been said that Scott's ordinary discourse was of the same order as the best parts of his tales. The fact is, though the doctrines and principles he profusely laid down were the most familiar, he garnished them with such a variety of affecting and faithful pictures of real life, in the shape of anecdotes and illustrations, that the plainest truth was personified, and made to live in one's recollection: it was presented not only as it was, but its features were seen in their most striking character by his admirable disposition of an appropriate, voluminous, and imposing drapery.

I remember a considerable portion of his conversation on the day I met him at Jedburgh, and now attempt to give it, though it must fall short of his style, through the fallaciousness of my memory, the dulness of my conceptions, and a much less happy phraseology. Nevertheless, if I can convey anything like an image of him in his familiar hours, it will fully support the testimony I have borne to his character. At the outset, however, let those who never saw him, figure a man unambitious in dress and bearing, with shaggy, heavy brows, and fleshy cheeks; with a countenance where dwelt, in his most abstracted moments, a quiet expression of benevolence, which, when he spoke, awakened into the most powerful and varied effect: the very movements of his brow being in unison with the tide of sentiments that passed from him. Let them imagine a voice bearing a burr, that added a characteristic energy to his language, and then listen to his discourse itself, which promised to be best when thus introduced—"that puts me in mind of a curious story."

On hearing the account of the young lady's escape from the terrible bull, and the effects of her alarm, he said, "I can readily credit that one's hair may, through a dreadful fright, grow grey, and that too, as we read in romances, in one brief hour. But speaking of a mischievous bull, puts me in mind of a similar case, which I myself witnessed, many years ago, in Edinburgh. I was proceeding from the old to the new town, by the earthen mound, at the head of which I

was led for a few minutes to look at a bull that had got into an enclosure there, after the unmerciful butcher lads had driven it fairly mad. The crowd that gathered on the outside of the fence increased the brute's fierceness. At last they began to cast ropes over its horns and around its neck, thereby to pull it to a stronghold, that it might be slain in the place where it was, which drove it to its most desperate fury. Its eyes now glared madness, there were handfuls of foam flying from its mouth, with its fore feet it pawed the ground, throwing lumps of earth as high as the adjoining houses, and it bellowed so as to make one quake. It was any thing but an agreeable sight, so I moved away homewards. But before I got to the foot of the mound, an alarming shout caused me look back, when I perceived the animal at no great distance behind me, coming on with all its rage. I had just time to spring to the top of the wall that lined the footpath, and to behold its future progress.

"I shudder to this hour when I think of what immediately I saw. Among the people that were near me and in jeopardy, was a young lady, and as you have said, she wore a red mantle, which is a very offensive colour to many of the brute creation. As I did, she also made for the wall, but had neither time nor strength to gain its top, ere the infuriated animal drove towards her. She turned her back, however, to the inaccessible eminence, as if to see the full extent of her fate, and then stood as nailed to it, save only her arms, which she threw aloft in her despair, which would indeed have been as fragile in defence as a rotten reed. Her tender body would have been nothing against a force that could have broken bars of brass, and horns that might have transfixed an animal of its own size. As I have said, directly towards the unprotected young lady the bull drove forward: with intentest eye he came on, he mistook his mark not an inch: for, as the multitude behind him yelled their horror, he dashed with prodigious strength and madness against her.

"Was it not a miracle that the dear young woman escaped unhurt and untouched? Yet it is true: for the terrific animal struck at her so accurately, that a horn smote the dead wall on either hand, thus embracing, but from their great length, shielding, her person from even the slightest damage. But the staunch wall withstood the tremendous thrust, and sent back with rebounding force, to a great distance, the huge and terrible brute, throwing him prostrate, never to rise again: for numberless destructive weapons were plunged into him before he had time to recover from the recoil. Whether the lady's hair changed colour I never heard; but some wonderful alteration might well be conceived to testify the extent of her petrified despair.

"I remember another story about a bull chase, and the catastrophe that befel my friend the Laird of ———, as described to me by himself. The creature was a favourite, which he intended to exhibit at a competition of cattle, and which had a character for remarkable docility and good nature; attributes which the laird proclaimed, that all who meant to breed a fine dairy stock might be apprised where an excellent parentage was to be found. For every dairyman knows the value of a kindly tempered cow, not only as regards guiding and

handling, but in the article of milk. Among the Dunlop cheese-makers, it is a beautiful sight, that of the milk-maid, when the milking hour comes, standing at the gate of the enclosure where the herd are grazing, and ruminating, and enticing them home to her, by merely chanting—'Pretty ladies! pretty ladies!' As they approach her, she has a name for each, and a liking, according to their several merits, whilst they court her approbation, by submitting to the hand that is held out. The laird had been among his cattle on the occasion referred to, and was returning from them, at a pace suited to his bandy legs and rotund corpus, when he was advertised of something extraordinary being in the wind, by a *crooning* at no great distance behind. This was no other than the voice of his favourite bull making decidedly to address him. 'Naebody can tell,' said the laird, 'what crotchet a bull beast may tak' into his head in the dog days;' so he hobbled off the best way that he could to a stone fence which was at hand.

"Breathless he gained the dyke, and attempted to clear it at a vault. But it was vain without the aid of science, therefore he had to lay hold of the top with his hands, and endeavour to arrive at a proper pitch of elasticity ere he could accomplish the feat. This he hoped for through the subservience of his legs: springing up and dropping down his body, thus to progress in his practice. But, alas! the animal, just at the critical point of time when the laird ejaculated, 'Here for it!' unceremoniously lent him a hearty slap behind: which impetus so much surpassed the worthy man's expectations and arrangements, that it drove him heels over head to the safe side of the fence, into an ugly pond of stagnant water. On hearing the laird relate this story, I said it was a mercy that his bull had so considerately watched the moment when he could advantageously volunteer his rough aid. But he would not admit that there was any kindness or discretion in such a coarse customer, for that he felt the effect of the attack for many a long day, which was less than agreeable. I next presumed that the docile creature had not by this one misdeed entirely forfeited his master's good will. And the choleric man answered, 'I dociled him: for as soon as I was able to hirple hame, I took my rifle and shot him as dead as a door nail, to teach him manners, and that nane o' his gets might be casten up to me afterwards.'"

"I marvel," quoth our hostess, "how you can carry in your head a' the stories ye write and tell, Mr. Scott. Ye're an unco man." "My dear madam," answered he, "I hardly know what it is to let anything slip that I have once fairly got hold of." "I weel believe it," she again said, "but ye have na told whither the laird's hair was affected by his fright." "Why, I believe, it continued as it had been for many years, which was white: but," proceeded he, "I'll tell you a curious story about a fright I myself got, that may convey some information regarding the sympathies of one's hair with the affections of the mind.

"It happened several years ago, when I was traversing the Highlands, along with a much beloved, but now departed friend; one of the true men of the old school; one who was rich in classical and legendary lore, but still more in sterling moral virtues. For it has

been my lot to possess friends and companions from whom I was ever gaining, till my store has become somewhat bulky. Alas! there are so many deserters from the corps by this time, who shall no more return, that I wish to cherish the persuasion, that to be gone and be with them, will be far better. My friend and I were among the thickly strewn mountains and ragged rocks of the wildest branch of the Highlands, where there is a remarkable natural ravine, which we visited and explored. It is, rather than a ravine, a fearful pit or dungeon, descending deep among the yawning rocks. It is as if a volcano had boiled there, but in course of time spouted out all its lava, forming strange adjacent peaks all around; thus leaving the furnace or crater dry and empty. It is a terrific throat wide open, on the very edge of which one may stand and look down to the very bottom.

"There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command. This is by means of rope and windlass, as it were into a coal pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak. To the main rope a machine is attached, called a cradle, by four shorter cords, that tie to its distinct corners. He that descends takes his stand or seat in the cradle, within the stretch of the four diverging cords that meet above his head. A rough old Highlander presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend first to go down. Ere the cradle came up for me again, a presentiment of some horrid accident about to happen to one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist inquiring if all was right with my friend below. 'Hoo, surely,' was the answer. 'And the cradle will be for you in a minute: ye are as heavy as twa o' him.' 'Is the rope frail?' 'No very rotten ava; the last ane was rottener afore it brak, an' let a man fa',' was the alarming reply. 'Was he killed, say you?' 'Killed, though he had had a hundred lives, he wad hae been killed; he was smashed to pieces down on yonder jagged rock,' quoth the hard-hearted Celt. I now examined the rope, and it appeared much worn, and to be old. 'How old is it?' inquired I: 'Just five years auld: the last was a month aulder afore it brak,' was his next piece of tantalizing information. With some irritation of manner I put it to him, why a new one had not been provided before any risk could attend a descent; and to make things worse, he provokingly announced, 'We are to get a new ane the morn; ye'll likely be the last to try the auld.'

"But already the cradle waited for me to step into it: I could not disappoint my companion by not doing as he did; and ashamed to seem to hesitate before the hardy Highlander, at once I took my seat. It was perhaps to encourage me, that he said, as he let me off, 'A far heavier man than you gaed down yesterday.' 'Then he strained the rope,' cried I; but it was too late to return, and after all I got safe down. The sun shone brightly, and made every intricacy, even in the deep crater, clear and open to the eye. The floor might allow a hundred and fifty people to stand on it at once; and consists of a fine sand that sparkles with pebbles, which have dropt from the surrounding and impending rocks. The face of these rocks is also gemmed by thousands of the same sort, that glittered beautifully to the sunbeam: all which has naturally suggested the idea of a work of en-

chantment, for it is called the Fairy's Palace. But I confess, though a palace, it had few attractions for me: for besides the disheartenings the Highlander filled me with, ere my descent, my friend, now that I was down, though without any mischievous intent, crowned my fears, by giving, with startling effect, the following narrative. 'A young man once ascended from this, but when he came to the top, he incautiously stood bolt upright in the cradle, and then a moment ere it was landed, being impatient to get out of it, he made an adventurous leap for the breast of the rock. But the cradle being still pendant in the air, without a stay, fled back on the impulse of his spring, and fearful to think, let him fall between it and the landing place.' 'Horrible! most horrible!' was my natural exclamation. 'But,' continued my friend, 'keep ye your seat in the cradle till it be firmly landed on the rock, and all will be safe.' He ascended, and I prepared to follow.

"I thought of the young man's leap and fall: I figured to myself the spot where he alighted, and the rebound he made when he met the ground, never more to rise. And as I took my seat, my limbs smote one another, and my teeth chattered with terror. When I had descended I kept my eyes bent downwards, and was encouraged the nearer I got to the bottom. But on my ascent, though I looked all the while upwards, I was tremblingly alive to the fact, that I was ever getting into higher danger. I held the spread cords as with the gripe of death, never moving my eyes from the blackened creaking main rope. 'There! there it goes!' I gasped the words: for did I not first see one ply of the triple-twisted line snap asunder as it happened to touch a pointed piece of granite? And when once cut and liberated, did the ply not untwist and curl away from its coils? Did I not see another ply immediately follow in the same manner, leaving my life to the last brittle thread, which also began to grow attenuated, and to draw so fine, that it could not long have borne its own weight? I was speechless: the world whirled round, I became sightless, and when within one short foot of being landed, I fell!—I fell into the grasp of my friend, who seeing me about to tumble out of the cradle from stupor, opportunely snatched and swung me, cradle and all, upon the rock. When strength returned I ran from the edge of the precipice, still in the utmost trepidation, shaking fearfully, and giving unintelligible utterance to the agony of my awe-struck soul. And if my hair did not undergo an immediate change of colour, I was not without such an apprehension: for certainly it stood on end during my ascent from the floor of the Fairy's Palace."

Thus the mighty minstrel—the matchless enchanter went on, with anecdote growing out of anecdote, till he wrapt all that heard him in the greatest delight and wonder.

G. A.

THE HORRORS OF HORSEMANSHIP.

WELL, thank Heavens and Mr. Gurney, locomotion will soon be conducted on less perilous principles, and steam will supersede the functions of that most terrific of all animals, whether bipeds, quadrupeds, or centipedes—the horse. O how delightful it will be to ride on a charger which can neither bite, or kick, or start, or rear, or run away!—unless you fancy it. What comfort thus to bestride, as it were, an ambling tea-kettle, or a bubbling but docile boiler, instead of that wild, capering, self-willed monster, whose chief pastime appears to be to give his rider as much uneasiness as he can whilst he carries him, and to fling him from his back as soon as he finds a convenient opportunity. Commend me to a horse of *metal*, if you will—but then it must belong to the mineral and not the animal kingdom. I should have no objection to the tea-kettle prancing or capricoling, if I myself, as would be the case with that amenable steed, were the originator of those frolics, and could put an end to them in a moment of my own free-will, whenever my Pegasus became too hot and spirited, by the curb of a safety-valve. Nay, perhaps I should fancy to disport myself sometimes in Hyde Park, (I do not think I would venture it in the streets,) and would, like other Nimrods, feel an anxiety to exhibit my kettlemanship and chivalry in the eyes of the fair. But, indeed, this desire for display is childish, and I would seek to restrain it, as far as the hot-blood and impetuosity of youth, its disregard of danger, its thoughtless, adventurous, daring, though generous and gallant spirit, would allow me. The legitimate object of riding, whether blood or steam give vigour to the horse, is locomotion, or the safe and perhaps speedy transference of our persons from place to place. Certain modifications of this principle may be looked upon as embellishments, but sure I am, that whilst they do not tend to enhance velocity, they signally contribute to the amount of risk.

What can possibly induce sensible young men, or young men at all, to put their necks in jeopardy, by mounting on the back of those half-tamed animals which you see plunging through the most crowded streets of the metropolis. I really cannot catch a glimmering of their motives. Sympathy does not vouchsafe me a single clue whereby to conceive them. Mark that wild filly, how she throws up her head! Look at that beast, which glares sideways at you with the whites of its eyes! Listen to that black fiend how he squeals, and that grey madcap how she whinnies! What a splutter that piebald demon is making on the pavement with his hoofs—now he's perpendicular on his hind legs—mercy on me how he snorts!—I suppose his rider is saying his prayers—as I live he has the temerity to pay compliments to a lady at her carriage window. This is a degree of fool-hardiness I really do not profess to understand. It has been my lot, now and then, to be placed at the mercies of a horse, and I don't know when I suffered more in mind and body than upon those occasions. I never yet contemplated a ride without feelings of the deepest emotion.

Hours, nay days, before the fatal act, have been spent by me in the most doleful speculations, my thoughts constantly haunted by a fiery steed and a hapless rider—the arched neck—the whisking tail—the upraised hoof—the shortened back—and I—I, clinging pale, breathless, and horror-struck by the mane. Frequently my feelings, getting more pungent, at length open all the veins of my imagination, and I see blood—blood; or if my passions happen to be in another current, I conclude with the mortifying catastrophe of being thrown by my charger, in the view of the fair, ungracefully, though unhurt, on the top of a dunghill.

The prospect of my ride influences also, in a very singular manner, my disposition and conduct in the domestic circle, and in that of my friends. Though naturally affectionate towards my family, I now become doubly so. I repeatedly solicit the pardon of each whom I may possibly have offended, and assure them of my hearty and cordial forgiveness of any unkindness on their part with which I might hitherto have taxed them. I kiss all my sisters round. (I have eleven; the four youngest, poor little things, are always eating bread and butter—a practice which is rather adverse to the endearment.) I speak in the tenderest, most filial, and most respectful strain to my father and mother, whether from disinterested motives, or that "my days may be long in the land," I cannot take upon me to say. I shake hands repeatedly with my neighbours and acquaintances—give money in charity—become serious—if a Sunday intervene, go to the three services, and seek to disabuse my mind of any free-thinking tendencies it may have harboured in my more careless hours. The fact is, riding is with me one of the trials of life, and yet I occasionally undergo it; for, strange as it may appear, I have the greatest repugnance—a repugnance that even surpasses my dread of horses—to be thought an inexperienced equestrian, much more a timid one. My solicitude is ever on its guard to conceal my infirmity, and if my name were attached to this avowal of it, I think I should never survive the disgrace. Therefore, though I hold the quadruped which is the hero of these pages in utter abhorrence, I always when in company with strangers, and the subject is introduced, feign a partiality for the brute—talk learnedly about spavins, sand-cracks, wind-galls, lampers, &c.: sometimes also join the tribe who visit the stables; nay, in order to sustain my assumed character, venture to approach the animals, pat them, &c. Before, however, proceeding to this pitch of temerity, I take care to select the horse which seems the most quiet, and even then, in bestowing upon him my dissembled caresses, endeavour to take up a position which shall be a golden mean between his head and his heels. Whether it be from awkwardness on my part, I know not, but I don't think I ever attempted to fondle the ungrateful beasts, that they did not exhibit tokens of displeasure. A diminutive starveling of a little pony, that I once singled out as the object of my favours, absolutely squealed and kicked at me the moment I put my hand on him. The people in the yard called him "Tom Testy," and to them Tom's obliquity of temper seemed, like the whims of a privileged oddity, only to furnish a source of entertainment. These things never amuse me. Sensibly aware, however, of my equestrian

deficiencies, I have made many attempts to remedy them. At one time I took the matter in hand seriously, and went so far as to practice every day for a whole week on the back of Simon Slug, an old horse of my father's, which had been in the family for a quarter of a century—a quiet, plodding, dozy old brute, who moved as if he were made of wood, and seldom went out of a jog trot. Yet I never got on Simon's back without some feeling of perturbation, and, in course of time, Simon perceived it, though, in candour I must own, the only advantage he took of his discovery was to choose his own gait and his own road. The gait he usually selected was his favourite jog, and the road the shortest way home. For the first day or two I contended with Simon's domestic propensities, and by dint of coaxing—nay, threatening—I really ventured to have recourse to menaces—forced him past his favourite turn; but on the third day, whether it was that the flies were unreasonable, or that "home, sweet home," came more vividly over his recollections, I know not; all that I know is, that when I endeavoured to lure him on my way, he evinced his total insensibility to my blandishments, by doggedly standing stock-still; and when, adopting more vigorous measures, I ventured practically to insinuate that I held not the whip in vain, he absolutely shook his ears, and backed with me. "O, have it your own way—have it your own way," said I, agitated with fright, and without again attempting to use the slightest coercion, but, on the contrary, trying every method to mollify and appease him, I became implicitly subservient to his will. Simon having gained his point, seemed perfectly satisfied, and jogged home the short way, which brought us to the stable yard in a quarter of an hour after we had set out. Thus was I tyrannized over for three days running; I then gave the matter up as a hopeless case, and left Simon Slug to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* in the paddock without any further disturbance. But the most unfortunate passage perhaps in my life, as connected with this portion of the animal kingdom, took place a few days ago, and it is the irritability of my feelings, still writhing under the influence of the chagrin and vexation experienced on that occasion, which have, it may be unadvisedly, impelled me thus to avow and record in black and white my downright and unqualified horror of horsemanship. I happened to go last Thursday on a visit to a friend of mine, who lives in the country. There were several guests beside myself. On the morning after I arrived, whilst we were at breakfast, M., whose study it is to make his house pleasant, asked, half singing in his burlesque manner the words of Moore's melody, "Well, what shall be our sport to-day?" Various pastimes and methods of "killing the enemy" were proposed. Some were rejected, others ratified; but what was my alarm, when, upon settling the "order of the course," I heard that I was to form one of the equestrian party. After I had somewhat recovered the shock which such a communication was calculated to give me, and had allowed myself time just sufficient to assume the appearance of equanimity, I said in as natural a manner as a slight tremulousness in my voice would admit of, "My dear M., perhaps some of your friends of the walking party would wish to ride; if so, don't, I conjure you, (pulling him by the button,) don't let me be an

impediment. I am a person very easily pleased—very." (Here I snapped my fingers.) "Your young brother, I see, is very anxious to ride; pray don't let me——"

"Is it Percy? the little monkey," said M. "Hut-tut, man, let him ride his hobby-horse."

"O, I wish to Heavens," thought I, "I had the hobby-horse."

"No, no," continued M., "you must be of the riding party." And he whispered me, "Miss L. is in our coterie, and I want to make you both acquainted;" subjoining also, whilst he nudged me significantly with his elbow, "a man never looks to such advantage as when on horseback," my jaw dropped in wretched anticipation; "and, by the bye, she is a beautiful horsewoman, worth your while to see her in the saddle."

Now, I put it to any nervous cavalier who ever ventured to place foot in stirrup—let him speak out fully, fairly, and honestly—could he, when mounted, ever look in any direction but that which is rectilinear between his own nose and the horse's ears? I pause for a reply. Others may be ashamed to own it—all I can say for myself is, that I never could deviate from that straightforward course of vision. I always, when riding, feel as if the centre of gravity were in my eye, and that if I looked to one side or other, I should infallibly find myself on Mother Earth.

"See her in the saddle—see her in the saddle," said I, in that absent manner which is the consequence of trying to rejoin to a proposition, and to devise a fresh evasion at the same time. "O yes, beautiful—very pleasant—very pleasant—very—but—but—I really feel stupid and dull to-day. I shall be a complete nuisance to the party—I shall indeed."

"My dear fellow," said M., clapping me on the shoulder, "cheer up—I will give you an antidote in the shape of Mad Kitty, my young and favourite filly, who I promise you will keep you awake."

"Don't do any such thing—hem—I mean don't give me any of your valuable horses,"—here the perspiration broke out over my forehead,—"for I am a careless rider," said I, gasping;—"might throw it down—break its knees—lame it for life—constantly occurs to me, and indeed," here my voice faltered. "I feel more animated now—I do not think I shall want any stimulus—nay, I am in high spirits," continued I, in that discordant tone of voice which is the result of the constrained junction of terror and dissembled merriment. "I never was more lively," and I attempted to chuckle and whistle. Half-buoyantly, half-deprecatingly, however, I subjoined, "you need not mind Mad Kitty."

"Why," said M., somewhat influenced by his solicitude for his mare, but still anxious for my supposed comfort and amusement, "If you don't ride the filly, I will have to mount you on the stupid old coach-horse."

"My dear fellow," said I, catching at the welcome sounds, "just the thing; the fact is—the fact is—except when I am riding with the hounds, I am quite indifferent as to——"

"Ah, I see," said M. "you are true blue. Your real sportsman never cares how he is mounted except when on the sod; but there

he looks for spirit and fire—well, you shall come down to me next winter when we draw the covers, and I will put you on a horse that will do you justice, and will not let any man in the county get the start of you."

"I'll be d—d if you do," said I, under my breath. I hope the recording angel dropped a tear upon the word—I spoke more in fear than profanation. My feelings during the remainder of the time we spent at the breakfast-table were not, as you may guess, of the most agreeable nature. The thought of the ride hung heavily on me. It is true, the coach-horse had superseded Mad Kitty, still the coach-horse was a horse, and that was quite sufficient to awaken all my solicitude and apprehensions.

The party at length rose. Each coterie, as had been arranged, began to form for its allotted recreation. The ladies were equipped with the most unaccountable alacrity, in their riding habits. Presently we hear the tramping of hoofs, and the "clearing off," which horses generally indulge in, when leaving the stables; sounds awful to my ears. I began to get a little faint. "Equestrians, turn out," said M. "Come," addressing me, "have you your spurs on? You must wear a pair of scythes on your heels to make 'Big Sam' go on." I retired to my room for a few moments, apparently to get my spurs, (I never dreamt of wearing those frightful weapons, more fatal in my eyes than sword or pistol,) but really to tranquillize the palpitation I found rising in my bosom. A few moments were all that were afforded me for this purpose. The servant soon knocked at my chamber door—"Horses are waiting, sir." I marvelled at his unperturbed air. He appeared to mention quite an ordinary occurrence. "Very well," said I, calmly; and putting on my hat, and, at the same time, all the mock fortitude I could muster, I followed the servant down stairs, endeavouring the while to still the tumults of my breast, and singing with as nonchalant an air as my trepidation would allow—

"He loves and he rides away."

"Come, we wait for you," said M., "while you are singing, time flies."

"And he leap'd on the courser's back,"

continued I, quavering.

"Do then leap on your courser's back," said M., pointing to a huge black monster, with an arched neck, like one of the Appenines, a ponderous carcase, which resembled a newly discovered continent, and legs!—simile does not furnish me with an illustration of sufficient capacity to describe his legs.

"You had better get a step-ladder, Mr. B.," said Miss L., who, by-the bye, is, I think, rather a pert and interfering person. I was obliged to force a smile. It was, I am afraid, an abortive one; my features soon resumed the cast suited to my sad situation.

"Farewell," said I, wringing my uncle's hand. He happened to be one of the party, and was standing on the hall-door steps. "Farewell"—and I pressed his palm between both of mine. I never felt

my bowels yearn more towards my uncle than at the moment. He is a little, red-faced, choleric man.

"Whew, boy, you are squeezing my rheumatic finger," said he, pettishly.

"Come, B., come," shouted M. The horses began to get uneasy at being held in so long, and exhibited rather more eagerness than I did, to be off. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and my Mammoth among the rest began also to make some unwieldly demonstrations of impatience.

"I am quite ready," said I, with feigned alacrity, and I prepared to mount.

"My dear fellow, is it at that side of your horse you mount?" said M.

"Oh," returned I, with great presence of mind, glossing over my blunder, "it is a perfect matter of indifference to me which side I mount." I however went to the right one. "Hold him tight—ahem!" said I in sotto voice to the groom, the injunction being perfectly distinct notwithstanding a clearing of the throat, and a half-appearance of unconcern which accompanied it. What with my awkwardness, and Big Sam's unaccommodating spirit, I am sure three minutes fully elapsed before I got into the saddle, the groom having (as, I believe it is, Ariosto says) got "more kicks than halfpence" from me, whilst I unskilfully endeavoured to place myself athwart my charger.

"Well, is all right?" said M.

"Yes," replied I, with desperation, both hands grasping the reins, and my feet driven up to the heels in the stirrups; "all right."

"Onward then,"—and on he went, I keeping in the rear as far as Sam would allow me; for, fired by a very troublesome emulation, he ambitioned the foremost rank. I at length succeeded in getting him to walk beside one of the party, who being a gentleman of a certain age, was more staid and discreet than the rest of the bevy. We went along pretty smoothly. Sam now and then startled me by a loud neigh like an earthquake, and by occasionally throwing up his head, but on the whole his demeanour was tolerably tranquil. Though my position was far from being an easy one—though I was thoroughly conscious of the insecurity of the tenure by which I held it, still I was, comparatively speaking, relieved from immediate apprehension, and was beginning to indulge the hope that all might yet be well, when M. called out, "Now for a smart trot."

"O Lord!" said I, involuntarily, and on we trotted.

"You are riding faster than your horse, sir," said my elderly companion, in a satirical tone.

"Bless me, Mr. B.!" said the volatile young lady, "you are very active. Why, you rise so high in your saddle, I think every moment you will hit your head against the clouds."

"This ho-rse tro-ts ve-ry high," uttered I, in broken accents, as I best could, the huge beast I was riding throwing me up and down in the most unmerciful manner. I all but lost my stirrups twenty times, and had to hold by the pummel constantly. It was a broiling day: my face became like a furnace through exertion and fear. These

sufferings, at the same time, were intensely aggravated by my overhearing the grooms, who rode behind, laughing and enjoying the exhibition I was very unwillingly affording them. My companions, I perceived also, with I believe the exception of M. himself, began to suspect the true state of the case. At length we drew up for a few moments: it was, however, but a short respite. "Open the wicket," said M. to the grooms, "that we may get on the sod."

The groom did as he was ordered.

"I 'll wait on the road for you," said I, puffing and blowing, for I had a wholesome dread of the sod.

"Oh," said he, "we are not coming back this way; we proceed through the fields. Come along."

"Now," thought I, "for the trial." I walked Sam in as quietly as I could, and practised a thousand frauds in order to keep him perfectly placid. I allowed him to put down his head and nibble a little grass. "Perhaps," thought I, "horses may have gratitude."

Presently one of the young ladies of the party began to urge on her steed into a quicker pace. "Now for a gallop," said Miss L.

Immediately all the horses began to show that restless spirit, which usually seizes them when one of their species exhibits any sign of accelerated motion. Sam happened at this time to be absorbed with his nose in a rich bunch of clover; for anticipating the "*mouvement*," as the French politicians say, I had no longer confined him to an occasional nibble; but hoping to draw off his attention from the transactions of his neighbourhood, had given him licence to feast himself *ad libitum* on the dainties with which he was surrounded. But, notwithstanding all my precautions, Sam soon got a sidelong glance of the antics which the rest of the brotherhood were enacting, and the *esprit de corps* wholly overcoming his passion for clover, he forthwith commenced practising the same evolutions. It was just as if St. Paul's Cathedral was dancing under you. I did every thing I could to moderate his transports: patted him whenever I could spare one hand from the reins—called him "pretty Sam"—he nevertheless got more intractable. I now prodigally lavished every possible term of endearment upon him, pulling in the bridle at the same time with all the muscular force I was master of. He went round and round with me; snorted, pawed the ground, rose on his hind legs. "Good boy—monster—fine fellow—O misery!—nice Sam—pretty little Sam"—and off he goes in a gallop! I fly on the wings of the wind, both arms embracing his neck—I could not see whither I was going—I passed near my party, for I caught their voices, and distinctly heard all saying, "As I live, that old brute is running away with B."

After this I became insensible. I have since ascertained that, in crossing an immense ditch, my tyrant threw me, and that I was taken up by the party. Shall I go on? No. I will not add another word, except merely to say—you may rest assured, I will never get on big Sam's back again, or that of any other horse that ever breathed the breath of life!

THE DREAM.

I SLEPT—a dream came over me—a dream of far-off years,
I dreamt I was a child again, a thing of cries and tears;
I thought I saw my mother's form bend o'er me, and her voice
Sweetly I heard, in whisper'd tones, invite me to rejoice.

I slept—a dream came over me—I seem'd a blooming boy,
And every path I turn'd into, still brought me sweets and joy;
And there I saw my mother's eye, that watch'd me in my play,
And heard her voice, from perils near, that call'd me far away.

I slept—a dream came over me—I wanton'd thro' the world,
And Pleasure held her banners high, all glitt'ring and unfurl'd;
Yet still my mother's form was there—she prest me to her heart,
And bade me not, for Fancy's dreams, from home and her depart.

I slept—a dream came over me—there came a lady fair,
With features soft and beautiful, and light and clust'ring hair;
She smil'd, and bid me follow her, my mother stood between,
But o'er my mother's shoulders still, that maiden's smile was seen.

I slept—a dream came over me—I threw around mine eye,
But clouds of darkness met me there, and not my cloudless sky;
I turn'd to chide the maiden fair, who'd wil'd me from my home—
I look'd upon the stormy sea, and saw its wild waves foam.

I slept—a dream came over me—the years of youth had past,
I'd rov'd the wide world over long, but found my home at last;
I visited each early spot, and gave to each a tear,
But most I lov'd to linger o'er my mother's lonely bier.

I slept—a dream came over me—disease was in my brain;
I restless on my pillow turn'd, methought I heard a strain
Of softly-breathing music that, seem'd floating in the air—
The Heavens open'd, and I saw—my mother smiling there.